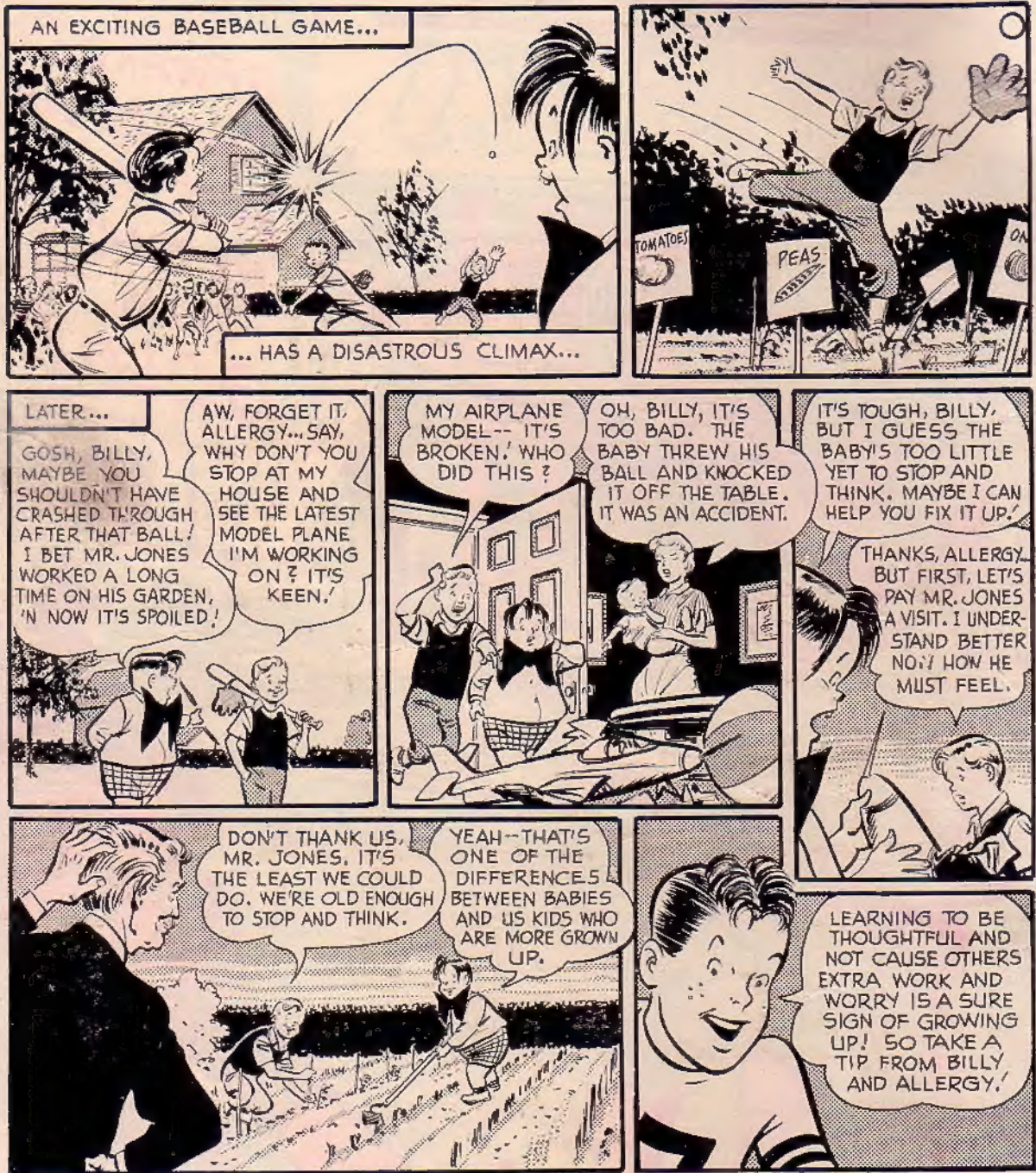
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
Also Tommy TOMORROW Space Planeteer
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
ACTION COMICS
JUNE
NO. 193
10c
BEWARE OF SUPERMAN! EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES TURNS TO GOLD!

Binky says: "Act Your Age!"



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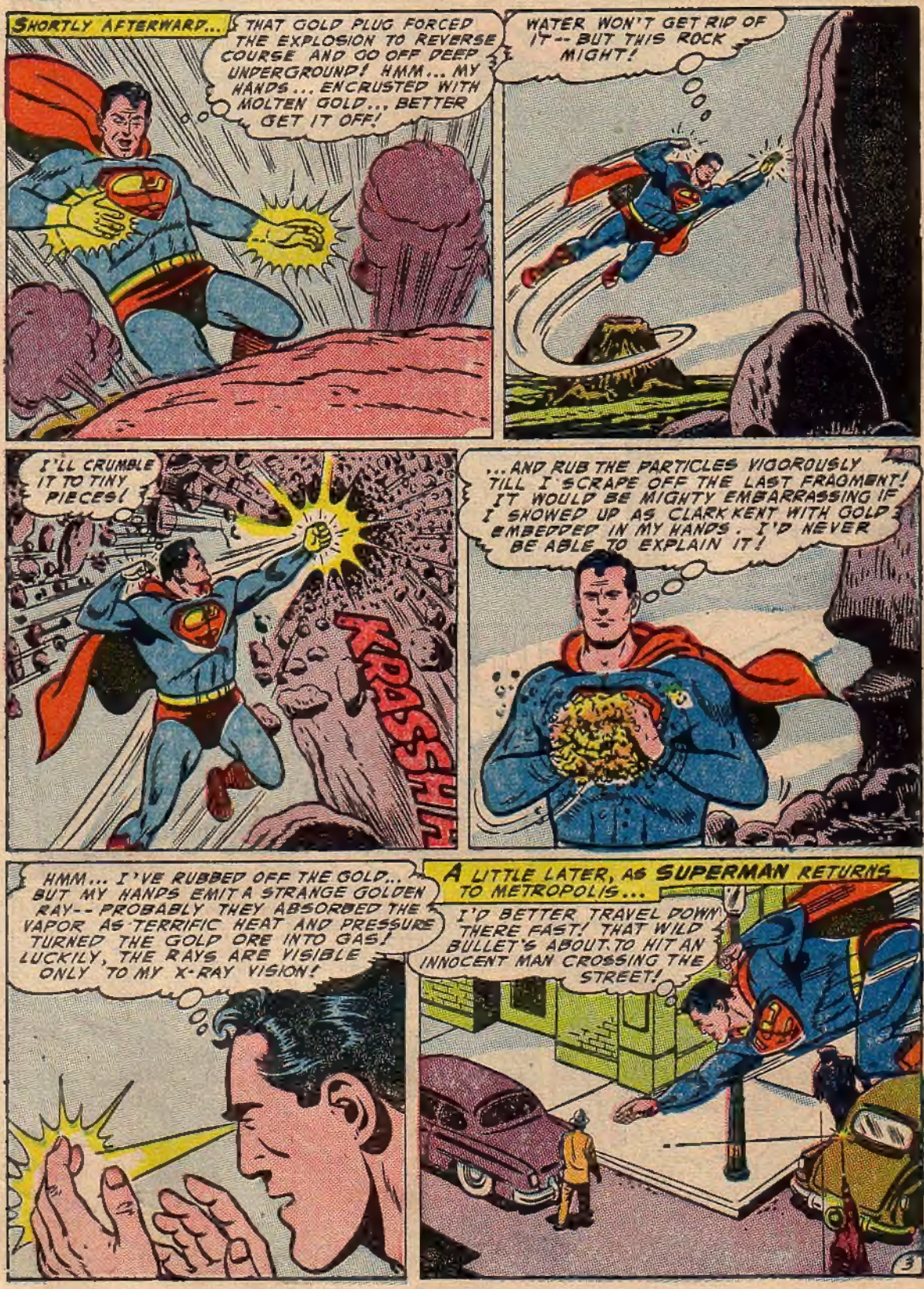
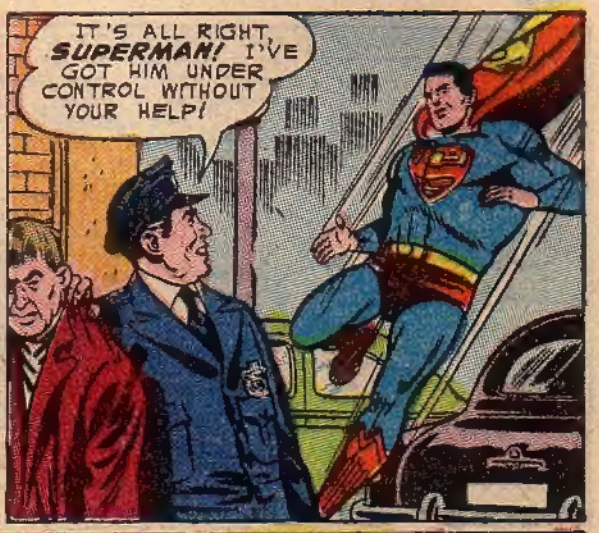
ONE DAY, AS SUPERMAN FLIES OVER A REMOTE MOUNTAIN REGION...
HMM... THE INHABITANTS AROUND HERE HAVE BEEN AFRAID THAT THIS LONG-EXTINCT VOLCANO IS ABOUT TO ERUPT--AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE RIGHT!
THE MAN OF STEEL PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE DARK AND FORBIDDING CRATER WHERE...
I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! THINGS ARE DUE TO POP ANY MOMENT! I'D BETTER FIND SOMETHING TO PLUG UP THIS VOLCANO WHEN THEY DO!
MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS A SLAB OF GOLD-BEARING ORE IN THE MOUNTAIN WALL. THAT METAL SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD BACK ANY EXPLOSION!
R2R2RUMBLE
I'LL RIP IT OUT OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND RAM IT DOWN SO IT FITS PERFECTLY INTO THE OPENING!
R2R2R2R2
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE INTERIOR OF THE VOLCANIC CRATER IS ROCKED WITH A TERRIBLE SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS...
BA-ROOOMM
HAVE TO USE EVERY OUNCE OF MY SUPER-STRENGTH! MILLION TONS OF EXPLOSIVE FORCE ARE PUSHING UPWARD! LUCKILY, THIS SLAB OF GOLD ORE IS THICK ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE PRESSURE--EVEN THOUGH IT'S TURNING RED-HOT, ALMOST MOLTEN!


SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
THAT GOLD PLUG FORCED THE EXPLOSION TO REVERSE COURSE AND GO OFF DEEP UNDERGROUND! HMM... MY HANDS... ENCRUSTED WITH MOLTEN GOLD... BETTER GET IT OFF!
WATER WON'T GET RID OF IT -- BUT THIS ROCK MIGHT!
I'LL CRUMBLE IT TO TINY PIECES!
KRASSHH
...AND RUB THE PARTICLES VIGOROUSLY TILL I SCRAPE OFF THE LAST FRAGMENT! IT WOULD BE MIGHTY EMBARRASSING IF I SHOWED UP AS CLARK KENT WITH GOLD EMBEDDED IN MY HANDS. I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT!
HMM... I'VE RUBBED OFF THE GOLD... BUT MY HANDS EMIT A STRANGE GOLDEN RAY -- PROBABLY THEY ABSORBED THE VAPOR AS TERRIFIC HEAT AND PRESSURE TURNED THE GOLD ORE INTO GAS! LUCKILY, THE RAYS ARE VISIBLE ONLY TO MY X-RAY VISION!
A LITTLE LATER, AS SUPERMAN RETURNS TO METROPOLIS...
I'D BETTER TRAVEL DOWN THERE FAST! THAT WILD BULLET'S ABOUT TO HIT AN INNOCENT MAN CROSSING THE STREET!

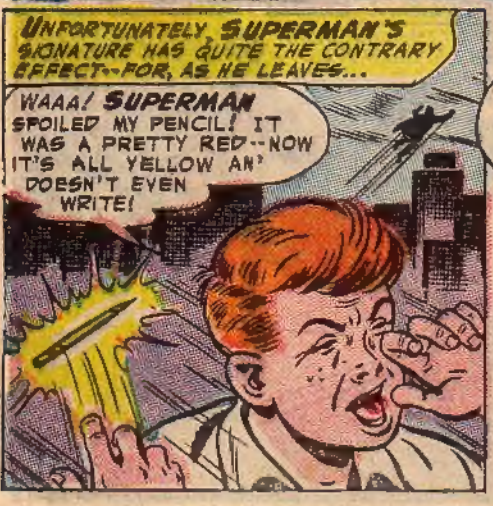
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
WH-WHAT? G-GOSH! THANKS, SUPERMAN!
WHUPP
WHEW! INTERCEPTED IT JUST IN TIME!

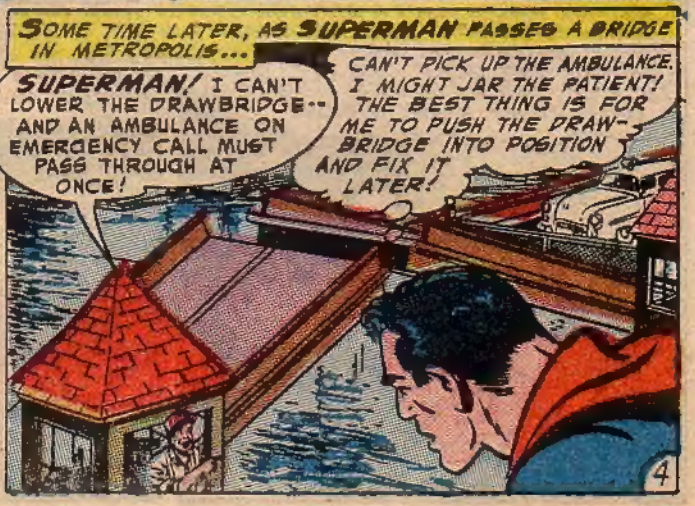

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SUPERMAN! I'VE GOT HIM UNDER CONTROL WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

AFTER THE MAN OF STEEL FLIES AWAY...
LOOK! THE BULLET THAT CROOK SHOT WHICH SUPERMAN STOPPED WITH HIS HAND -- IT WAS PURE GOLD!
HUH? QUICK -- PICK IT UP!

HEY -- THAT BULLET ISN'T MADE OF GOLD! WHEN IT BOUNCED OFF SUPERMAN'S HAND, IT PROBABLY HIT THAT SIGN, AND THE GOLD PAINT SCRATCHED OFF ON IT!
HA-HA -- OF COURSE! I MUSTA BEEN CRAZY! NO ONE GOES AROUND SHOOTING GOLD BULLETS THESE DAYS! I'LL LEAVE IT HERE FOR THE TRASH COLLECTORS!
BUY GOLD LABEL SHOES

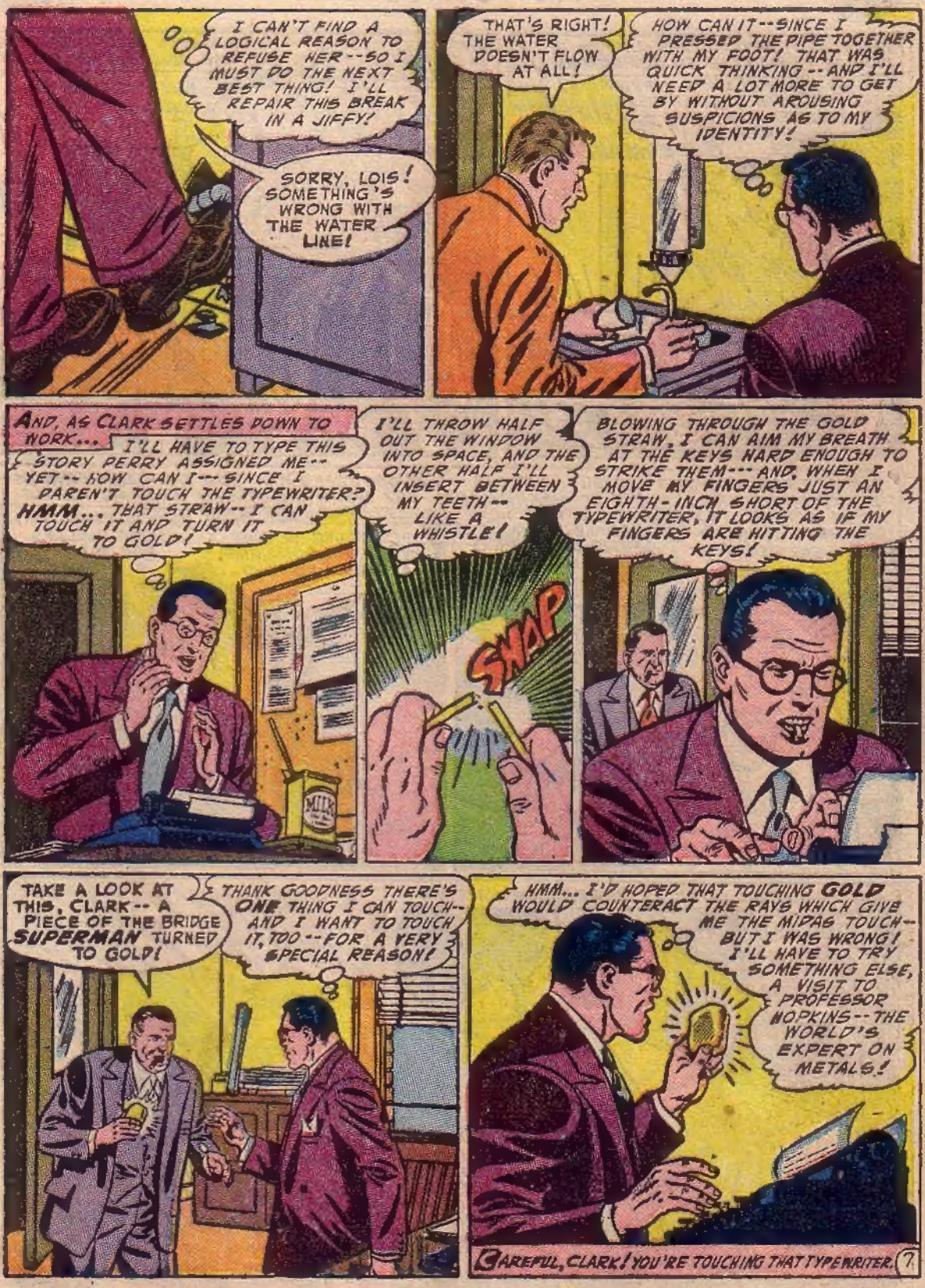
MEANWHILE...
GOSH, SUPERMAN, YOU REALLY GONNA AUTOGRAPH MY BOOK?
CERTAINLY, SONNY, IT'S A SMALL THING TO DO TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!


UNFORTUNATELY, SUPERMAN'S SIGNATURE HAS QUITE THE CONTRARY EFFECT -- FOR, AS HE LEAVES...
WAAA! SUPERMAN SPOILED MY PENCIL! IT WAS A PRETTY RED -- NOW IT'S ALL YELLOW AN' DOESN'T EVEN WRITE!

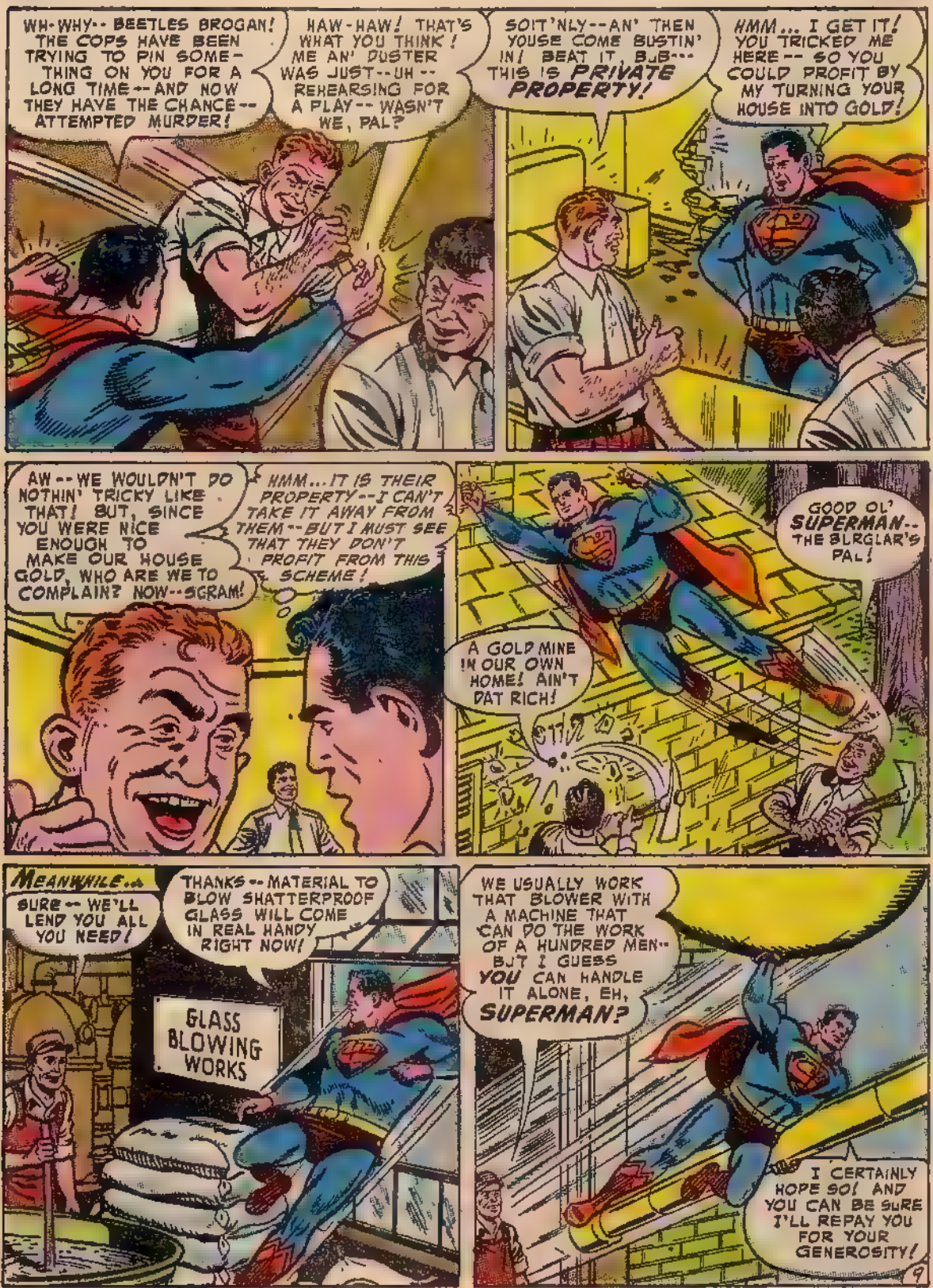

SOME TIME LATER, AS SUPERMAN PASSES A BRIDGE IN METROPOLIS...
SUPERMAN! I CAN'T LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE -- AND AN AMBULANCE ON EMERGENCY CALL MUST PASS THROUGH AT ONCE!
CAN'T PICK UP THE AMBULANCE. I MIGHT JAR THE PATIENT! THE BEST THING IS FOR ME TO PUSH THE DRAW-BRIDGE INTO POSITION AND FIX IT LATER!

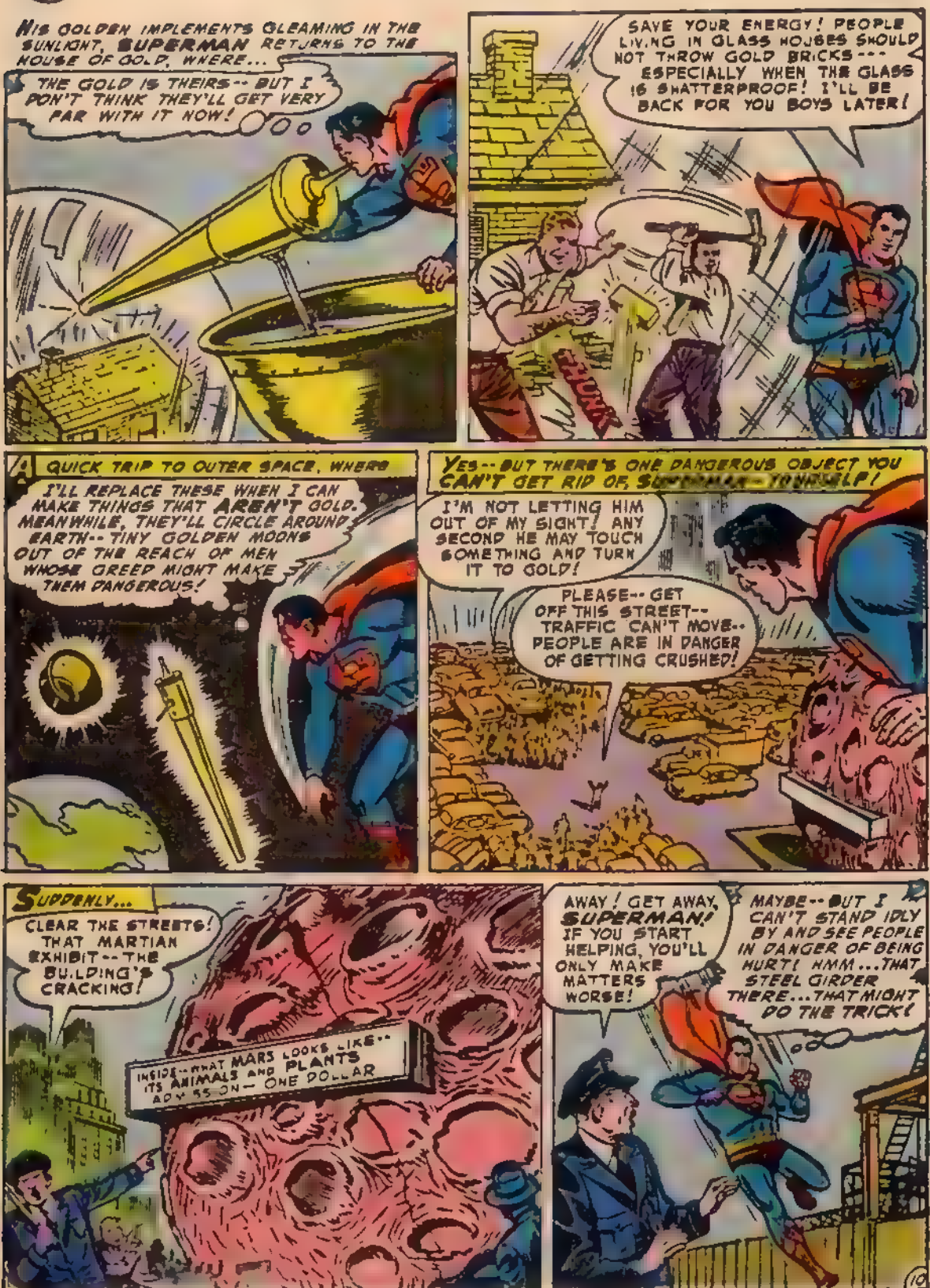
SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, SUPERMAN'S MIGHTY MUSCLES PRESS THE BRIDGE INTO POSITION, AND SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE AMBULANCE ROLLS TO ITS DESTINATION...
LOOK! THE BRIDGE -- SUPERMAN TURNED IT YELLOW!
YELLOW? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS? I WAS A MINER FOR THIRTY YEARS, AND I'M TELLING YOU THAR'S GOLD IN THAT TH'AR BRIDGE! GOLD!
GREAT SCOTT! IT IS GOLD! THAT VAPORIZED ORE PENETRATED MY SKIN, AND ITS RAYS MAKE ANYTHING MY HANDS TOUCH TURN INTO GOLD! I-- I HAVE THE TERRIBLE POWER THAT KING MIDAS OF OLD IS SAID TO HAVE HAD! THIS IS GOING TO LEAD TO TROUBLE!
GOLD!
I'M GETTING MY SHARE!
AND AS THE NEWS OF THE GOLDEN BRIDGE SWEEPS THROUGH METROPOLIS...
STOP! YOU-- YOU'LL START A PANIC!
STAY AWAY, SUPERMAN! YOU STOP--- BEFORE YOU TOUCH US AND TURN US INTO GOLD!
AND, AS THE MADDEST, WEIRDEST GOLD RUSH IN ALL HISTORY GETS UNDER WAY...
I'VE ALREADY ASSIGNED HALF THE POLICE FORCE TO GUARD THIS BRIDGE--AND IF YOU TURN ANYTHING ELSE TO GOLD, RIOTS WILL FOLLOW! PLEASE--- BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU TOUCH, SUPERMAN.
YOU--YOU'RE RIGHT! I--I'M A MENACE! I DAREN'T TOUCH ANYONE OR ANYTHING!
HMM...THERE'S ONE HOPE--ONE POSSIBLE WAY I MAY BE ABLE TO STOP TURNING WHATEVER I TOUCH INTO GOLD!

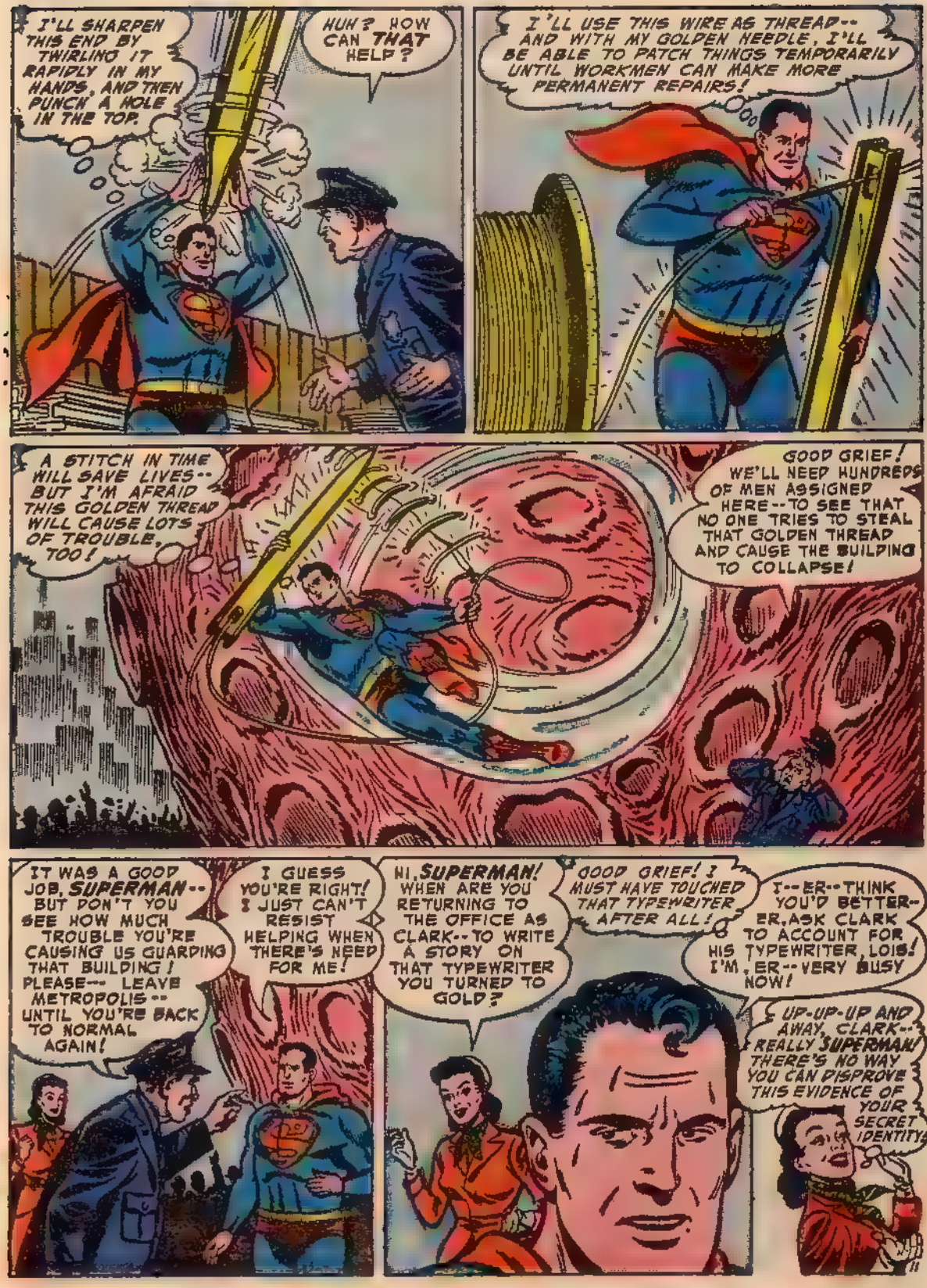
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN A NEARBY FOUNDRY...
GALLOPING GOLDFISH! THAT MOLTEN IRON IS THOUSANDS OF DEGREES HOT! WHY ARE YOU PUTTING YOUR HANDS IN IT, SUPERMAN?
YOU'LL SEE IN A MOMENT!
AS SOON AS CONTACT WITH THE AIR COOLS THIS IRON, I'LL HAVE A PAIR OF SOLID METAL GLOVES -- A PERFECT FIT!
THEN, WEARING HIS IRON GLOVES, SUPERMAN REACHES FOR A NEWSPAPER...
AS LONG AS YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THAT PAPER, I'LL USE IT FOR MY EXPERIMENT!
IT'S NO USE! THE RAYS PENETRATE THIS INCH-THICK LAYER OF IRON, AND WHATEVER I TOUCH STILL TURNS TO GOLD! I'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THIS. FREE GOLD CAN LEAD TO TROUBLE!
IT CERTAINLY CAN -- AND THAT'S WHY THE MAN OF STEEL PAYS A VISIT SHORTLY AFTERWARD TO AN ARTIST FRIEND OF HIS!
SURE, SUPERMAN. I'D BE GLAD TO LEND YOU MY EASEL AND PAINTS. BUT -- WHY ON EARTH DO YOU WANT THEM?
THAT WILL HAVE TO BE A SECRET!
SOON, IN A SECLUDED SPOT...
I KNEW MY CLOTHES WOULD CHANGE TO GOLD WHEN I SWITCHED TO CLARK KENT. I'LL HAVE TO PAINT THESE GOLDEN GARMENTS THEIR NATURAL COLOR AND HOPE NO ONE SPOTS THE DIFFERENCE!
BUT NO SOONER DOES CLARK STEP INTO THE OFFICE THAN...
PLEASE, CLARK -- GET ME A DRINK! I WANT TO RUSH THIS STORY ABOUT SUPERMAN BECOMING A MODERN MIDAS! IT MAY WIN THE ANNUAL REPORTER'S AWARD FOR THE BEST STORY OF THE YEAR!
WHY -- ER -- SURE, LOIS!


I CAN'T FIND A LOGICAL REASON TO REFUSE HER--SO I MUST DO THE NEXT BEST THING! I'LL REPAIR THIS BREAK IN A JIFFY!
SORRY, LOIS! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE WATER LINE!
THAT'S RIGHT! THE WATER DOESN'T FLOW AT ALL!
HOW CAN IT--SINCE I PRESSED THE PIPE TOGETHER WITH MY FOOT! THAT WAS QUICK THINKING--AND I'LL NEED A LOT MORE TO GET BY WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICIONS AS TO MY IDENTITY!
AND, AS CLARK SETTLES DOWN TO WORK...
I'LL HAVE TO TYPE THIS STORY PERRY ASSIGNED ME--YET--HOW CAN I--SINCE I DAREN'T TOUCH THE TYPEWRITER? HMM... THAT STRAW--I CAN TOUCH IT AND TURN IT TO GOLD!
I'LL THROW HALF OUT THE WINDOW INTO SPACE, AND THE OTHER HALF I'LL INSERT BETWEEN MY TEETH--LIKE A WHISTLE!
SNAP
BLOWING THROUGH THE GOLD STRAW, I CAN AIM MY BREATH AT THE KEYS HARD ENOUGH TO STRIKE THEM--AND, WHEN I MOVE MY FINGERS JUST AN EIGHTH-INCH SHORT OF THE TYPEWRITER, IT LOOKS AS IF MY FINGERS ARE HITTING THE KEYS!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, CLARK--A PIECE OF THE BRIDGE SUPERMAN TURNED TO GOLD!
THANK GOODNESS THERE'S ONE THING I CAN TOUCH--AND I WANT TO TOUCH IT, TOO--FOR A VERY SPECIAL REASON!
HMM... I'D HOPED THAT TOUCHING GOLD WOULD COUNTERACT THE RAYS WHICH GIVE ME THE MIDAS TOUCH--BUT I WAS WRONG! I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE, A VISIT TO PROFESSOR HOPKINS--THE WORLD'S EXPERT ON METALS!
CAREFUL, CLARK! YOU'RE TOUCHING THAT TYPEWRITER.

PRESENTLY, AFTER CLARK LEAVES TO CHANGE TO HIS ROLE AS SUPERMAN...
WH-WHAT? CLARK'S TYPEWRITER! IT--IT'S TURNED TO PURE GOLD! NOW LET'S SEE HIM DENY THAT HE'S SUPERMAN!
CLARK KENT
TROUBLE? YES--BUT THERE'S EVEN MORE AHEAD FOR THE MAN OF STEEL WHO HAS RELUCTANTLY BECOME THE MAN OF GOLD!
I'VE LISTENED TO YOUR STORY, ANALYZED THE RAY THAT'S EMITTED BY YOUR HANDS, AND I'VE COME TO ONE CONCLUSION! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN LOSE YOUR GOLDEN TOUCH IS TO TOUCH PURE GOLD!
BUT I'VE DONE SO ALREADY--AND IT--IT DIDN'T HELP!
IN THAT CASE, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME... MAYBE MONTHS... MAYBE ONLY DAYS... TILL IT WEARS OFF!
B-BUT WHAT CAN I DO MEANWHILE? I CAN'T GO NEAR PEOPLE... I'M AFRAID OF HELPING LEST I CAUSE A RIOT... I... I'M USELESS!
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SUPERMAN--BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO FEEL YOU'RE HIGHLY USEFUL...
HE'S BOUND TO COME NEAR HERE SOMETIME, AND WHEN HE DOES...
WHEN HE DOES, IT'S A MILLION DOLLARS FOR US!
AND, SOMEWHAT LATER, AS SUPERMAN PATROLS METROPOLIS...
HELP! HELP!
A CRIMINAL--ABOUT TO STAB SOMEONE! I'LL HAVE TO HELP--SOMEHOW!
DOOR'S LOCKED, AND THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT TURNING THE HOUSE TO GOLD!
WHAMM!


WH-WHY-- BEETLES BROGAN! THE COPS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO PIN SOMETHING ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME-- AND NOW THEY HAVE THE CHANCE-- ATTEMPTED MURDER!
HAW-HAW! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! ME AN' DUSTER WAS JUST--UH-- REHEARSING FOR A PLAY-- WASN'T WE, PAL?
SOIT'NLY--AN' THEN YOUSE COME BUSTIN' IN! BEAT IT, BUB--- THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!
HMM... I GET IT! YOU TRICKED ME HERE-- SO YOU COULD PROFIT BY MY TURNING YOUR HOUSE INTO GOLD!
AW-- WE WOULDN'T DO NOTHIN' TRICKY LIKE THAT! BUT, SINCE YOU WERE NICE ENOUGH TO MAKE OUR HOUSE GOLD, WHO ARE WE TO COMPLAIN? NOW--SCRAM!
HMM... IT IS THEIR PROPERTY--I CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM--BUT I MUST SEE THAT THEY DON'T PROFIT FROM THIS SCHEME!
GOOD OL' SUPERMAN-- THE BURGLAR'S PAL!
A GOLD MINE IN OUR OWN HOME! AIN'T DAT RICH!
MEANWHILE...
SURE-- WE'LL LEND YOU ALL YOU NEED!
THANKS-- MATERIAL TO BLOW SHATTERPROOF GLASS WILL COME IN REAL HANDY RIGHT NOW!
GLASS BLOWING WORKS
WE USUALLY WORK THAT BLOWER WITH A MACHINE THAT CAN DO THE WORK OF A HUNDRED MEN-- BUT I GUESS YOU CAN HANDLE IT ALONE, EH, SUPERMAN?
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO! AND YOU CAN BE SURE I'LL REPAY YOU FOR YOUR GENEROSITY!


His golden implements gleaming in the sunlight, SUPERMAN returns to the house of gold, where...
THE GOLD IS THEIRS -- BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'LL GET VERY FAR WITH IT NOW!
SAVE YOUR ENERGY! PEOPLE LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW GOLD BRICKS --- ESPECIALLY WHEN THE GLASS IS SHATTERPROOF! I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU BOYS LATER!
CHUNK
QUICK TRIP TO OUTER SPACE, WHERE
I'LL REPLACE THESE WHEN I CAN MAKE THINGS THAT AREN'T GOLD. MEANWHILE, THEY'LL CIRCLE AROUND EARTH -- TINY GOLDEN MOONS OUT OF THE REACH OF MEN WHOSE GREED MIGHT MAKE THEM DANGEROUS!
YES -- BUT THERE'S ONE DANGEROUS OBJECT YOU CAN'T GET RID OF, SUPERMAN -- YOURSELF!
I'M NOT LETTING HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT! ANY SECOND HE MAY TOUCH SOMETHING AND TURN IT TO GOLD!
PLEASE -- GET OFF THIS STREET -- TRAFFIC CAN'T MOVE -- PEOPLE ARE IN DANGER OF GETTING CRUSHED!
SUDDENLY...
CLEAR THE STREETS! THAT MARTIAN EXHIBIT -- THE BUILDING'S CRACKING!
INSIDE -- WHAT MARS LOOKS LIKE -- ITS ANIMALS AND PLANTS ADMISSION -- ONE DOLLAR
AWAY! GET AWAY, SUPERMAN! IF YOU START HELPING, YOU'LL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE!
MAYBE -- BUT I CAN'T STAND IDLY BY AND SEE PEOPLE IN DANGER OF BEING HURT! HMM ... THAT STEEL GIRDER THERE ... THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK!
10


I'LL SHARPEN THIS END BY TWIRLING IT RAPIDLY IN MY HANDS, AND THEN PUNCH A HOLE IN THE TOP.
HUH? HOW CAN THAT HELP?
I'LL USE THIS WIRE AS THREAD-- AND WITH MY GOLDEN NEEDLE, I'LL BE ABLE TO PATCH THINGS TEMPORARILY UNTIL WORKMEN CAN MAKE MORE PERMANENT REPAIRS!
A STITCH IN TIME WILL SAVE LIVES-- BUT I'M AFRAID THIS GOLDEN THREAD WILL CAUSE LOTS OF TROUBLE, TOO!
GOOD GRIEF! WE'LL NEED HUNDREDS OF MEN ASSIGNED HERE--TO SEE THAT NO ONE TRIES TO STEAL THAT GOLDEN THREAD AND CAUSE THE BUILDING TO COLLAPSE!
IT WAS A GOOD JOB, SUPERMAN-- BUT DON'T YOU SEE HOW MUCH TROUBLE YOU'RE CAUSING US GUARDING THAT BUILDING! PLEASE--- LEAVE METROPOLIS-- UNTIL YOU'RE BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I JUST CAN'T RESIST HELPING WHEN THERE'S NEED FOR ME!
HI, SUPERMAN! WHEN ARE YOU RETURNING TO THE OFFICE AS CLARK--TO WRITE A STORY ON THAT TYPEWRITER YOU TURNED TO GOLD?
GOOD GRIEF! I MUST HAVE TOUCHED THAT TYPEWRITER AFTER ALL!
I--ER--THINK YOU'D BETTER--ER, ASK CLARK TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS TYPEWRITER, LOIS! I'M, ER--VERY BUSY NOW!
UP-UP-UP AND AWAY, CLARK-- REALLY SUPERMAN! THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN DISPROVE THIS EVIDENCE OF YOUR SECRET IDENTITY!

YES--SUPERMAN HAS HIS TROUBLES! AS TIME PASSES, HE WATCHES EVENTS IN METROPOLIS WITH HIS TELESCOPIC VISION--FAR FROM HAZARDS HE MIGHT CREATE!

WHY--IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME! I'LL HAVE TO ACT AT ONCE! HM...IT'S SUNDAY. TOO BAD--BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I CAN DO!

SCIENTISTS PROVE GOLD MADE BY SUPERMAN BETTER THAN NATURAL GOLD

PUZZLING--ISN'T IT? THE MAN OF STEEL'S NEXT ACTION IS EVEN MORE SO!

I CAME TO MAKE A DEAL, BEETLES. I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE THE GOLD IN YOUR HOUSE, BECAUSE YOU TRICKED ME INTO MAKING IT FOR YOU. HOWEVER, IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR STICKPIN, I'LL TOUCH ANYTHING YOU WANT AND LET YOU KEEP IT!

IT'S A DEAL. JUST TOUCH MY CAR!

THE STICKPIN IS DROPPED GINGERLY INTO SUPERMAN'S HAND, AND THEN...

I'LL JUST DRIVE IT AWAY AND--HUH? IT DIDN'T TURN TO GOLD!

THAT'S RIGHT! A SCIENTIST TOLD ME THAT TOUCHING GOLD MIGHT COUNTERACT THE GOLDEN RAYS, BUT THE MISTAKE I MADE WAS TOUCHING GOLD WHICH I HAD CREATED--NOT REALIZING IT WAS DIFFERENT FROM NATURAL GOLD!

I REMEMBERED YOU OWNED A GOLDEN STICKPIN, AND SINCE JEWELRY STORES ARE CLOSED ON SUNDAYS, I REALIZED THAT WAS A SIMPLE WAY OF GETTING NATURAL GOLD. LET'S GO, BOYS! I CHECKED YOUR RECORDS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND FOUND YOU'RE STILL WANTED FOR A JOB YOU DID IN IOWA--TEN YEARS AGO!

SOMEWHAT LATER, AS CLARK KENT WALKS INTO HIS OFFICE...

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, LOIS? MY GOLDEN TYPEWRITER--THE REPORTER'S AWARD--FOR THE BEST STORY OF THE YEAR!

WHAT? SO THAT'S HOW--I KNEW YOU'D WON THE AWARD, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE GIVING YOU A...A...

HMPH! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WEREN'T SUPERMAN! HE'S A GENTLEMAN! HE'D HAVE LET ME WIN THE AWARD!

LUCKY I WON THE GOLDEN TYPEWRITER IN TIME TO SWITCH IT FOR THE ONE I TURNED TO GOLD! AND I'M GLAD I'VE LOST THAT TERRIBLE POWER! MAN'S GREED FOR GOLD CAN SO OFTEN DESTROY EVERYTHING HE HOLDS DEAR!

THE END

Tootsie Roll

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

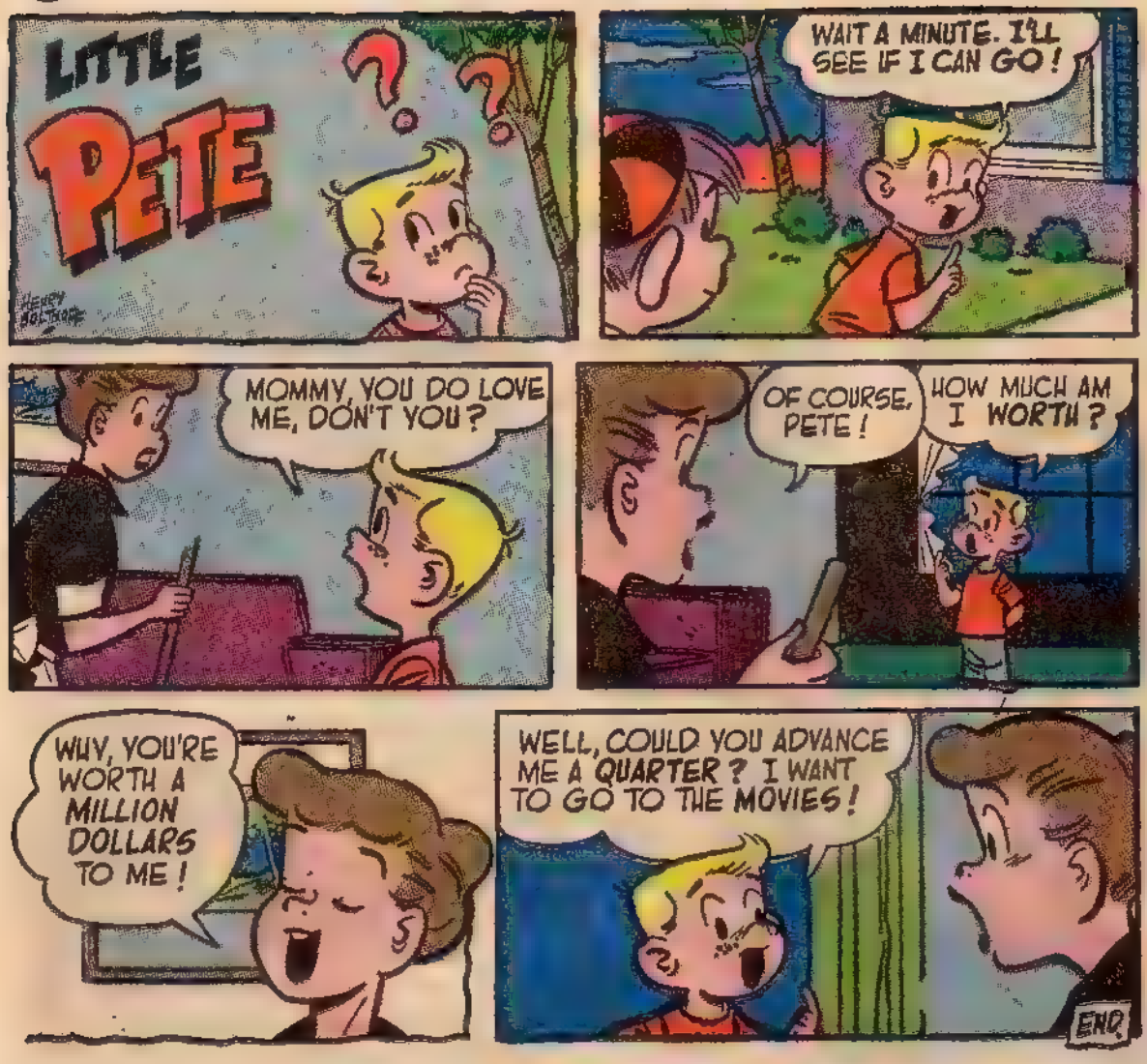
TOOTSIE ROLLS, they're so chocolaty, so tasty—that's why everybody likes them. Get some TOOTSIE ROLLS today at your favorite candy counter—still only 5c.

TOOTSIE POPS — Fruit candy on the outside, TOOTSIE ROLL inside. Two treats for the price of one—only 2c.

Chocolaty TOOTSIE ROLL center

1c

These delicious TOOTSIE CANDIES are only 1c each.



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

XLI XLMRKW CSY EGGS-QTPMWL FC LEVH ASVO EVI SJXIR QSVI VIAEVH-MRK XLER XLI IEWC XE-WOW ALMGL XEOI PMX-XPI XMQI ERH IJJSVX.

SUPERMAN, JUNE
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

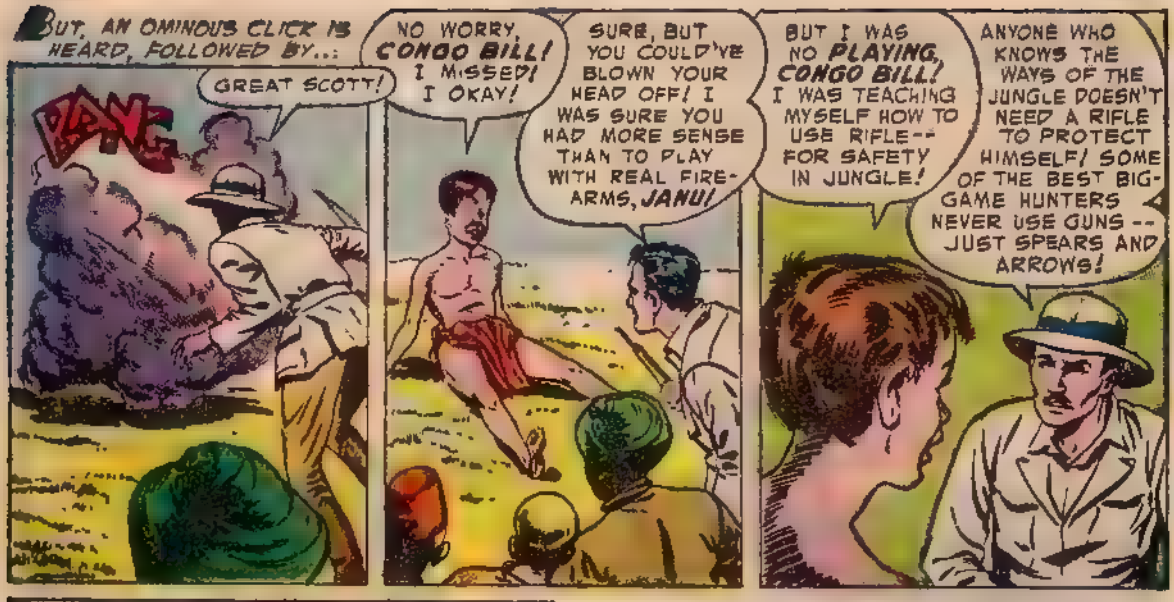
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

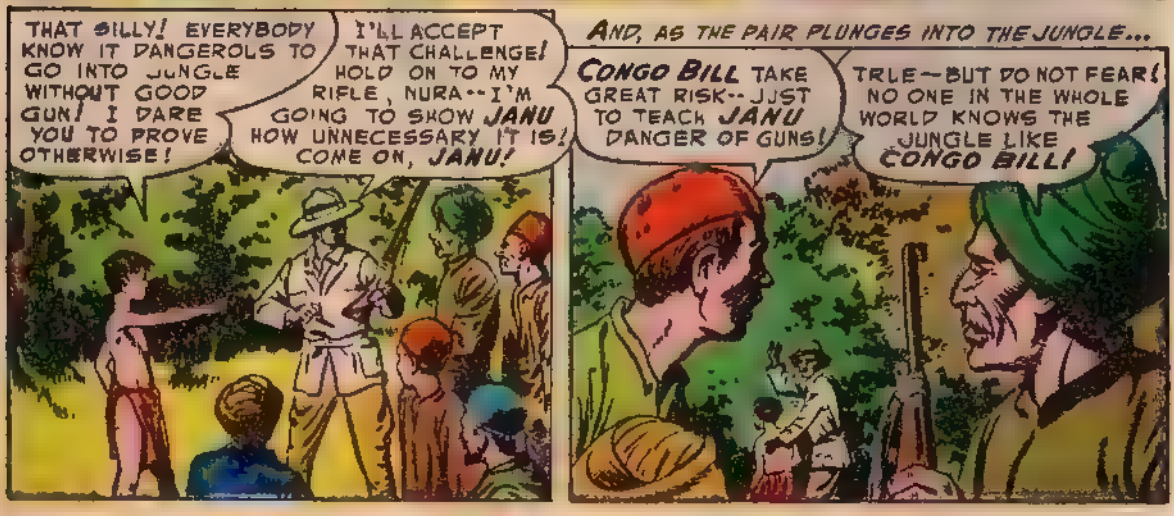
NAME.....

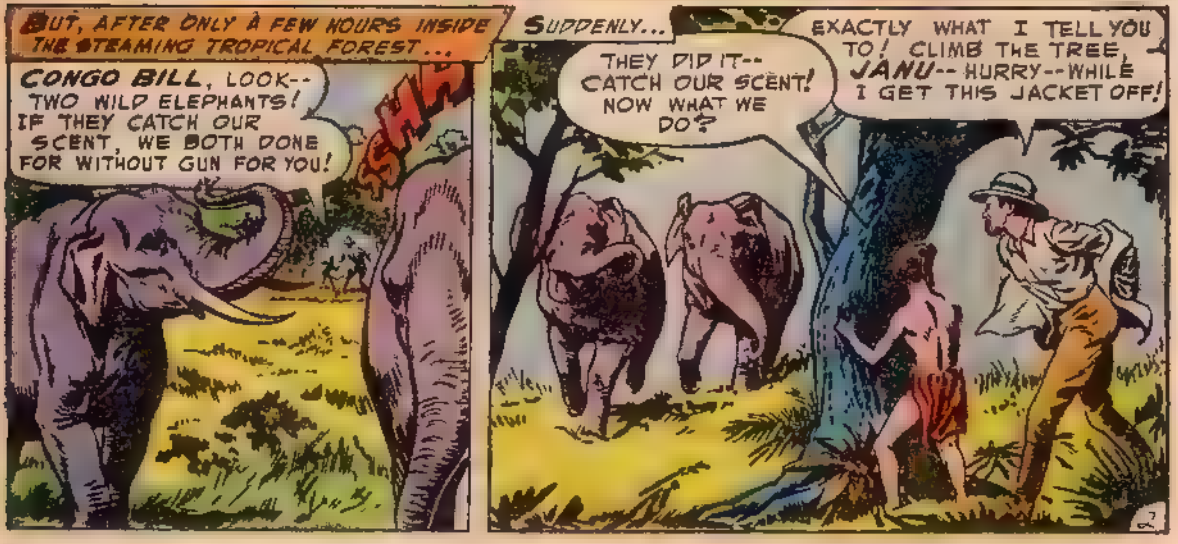
STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE ..... STATE.....

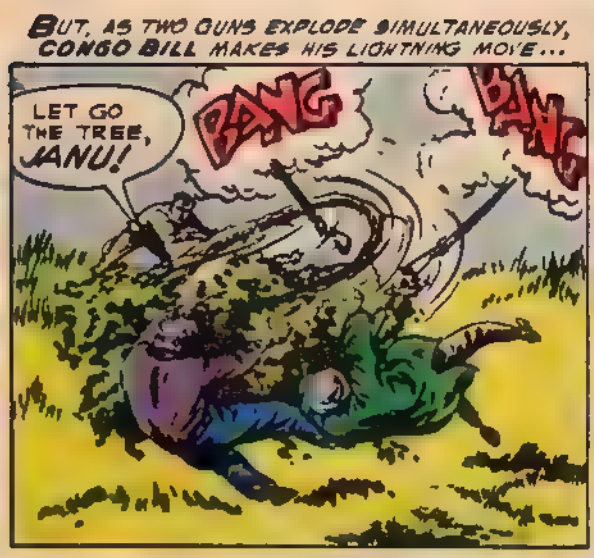
KIDS SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH REAL GUNS! THIS IS TRUE EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE JUNGLE! BUT WHEN CONGO BILL SETS OUT TO DEMONSTRATE THIS TRUTH TO HIS YOUNG PROTEGE, JANU OF THE JUNGLE, THE ACE ADVENTURER LEARNS A FEW THINGS ABOUT DEATH AND DANGER HIMSELF IN THE ADVENTURE CALLED...
"NO GUNS FOR CONGO BILL!"
JANU, I'LL TEACH YOU THAT WE CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT A RIFLE IN THE JUNGLE!
NO, CONGO BILL-- DO NOT THROW IT AWAY!
ONE DAY IN A REMOTE VILLAGE OF INDIA, AS CONGO BILL RETURNS FROM THE JUNGLE AFTER A FRUITLESS MISSION...
WELCOME BACK, CONGO BILL! ANY LUCK WITH YOUR SEARCH FOR THOSE KILLERS?
NONE AT ALL, CAPT. NURA! THEY'RE KEEPING THEMSELVES WELL HIDDEN!... ER--WHERE'S JANU? IS HE OKAY?
YES--THERE HE IS NOW!
JANU! STOP PLAYING WITH THAT RIFLE! PUT IT DOWN THIS INSTANT!

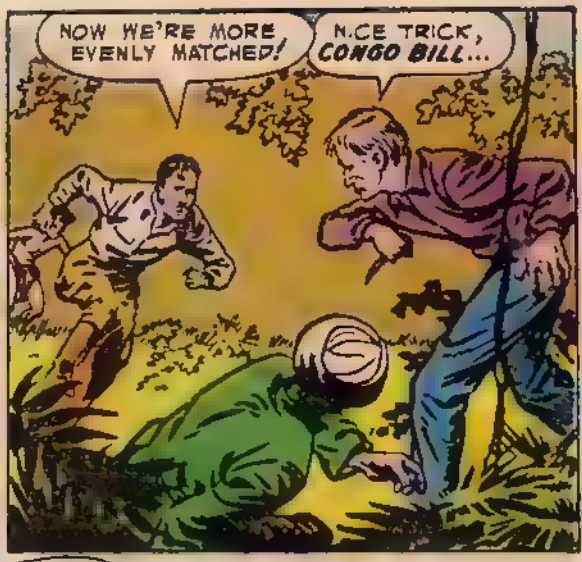

BUT, AN OMINOUS CLICK IS HEARD, FOLLOWED BY...:
GREAT SCOTT!
BLAM!
NO WORRY, CONGO BILL! I MISSED! I OKAY!
SURE, BUT YOU COULD'VE BLOWN YOUR HEAD OFF! I WAS SURE YOU HAD MORE SENSE THAN TO PLAY WITH REAL FIREARMS, JANU!
BUT I WAS NO PLAYING, CONGO BILL! I WAS TEACHING MYSELF HOW TO USE RIFLE--FOR SAFETY IN JUNGLE!
ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE WAYS OF THE JUNGLE DOESN'T NEED A RIFLE TO PROTECT HIMSELF! SOME OF THE BEST BIG-GAME HUNTERS NEVER USE GUNS--JUST SPEARS AND ARROWS!


THAT SILLY! EVERYBODY KNOW IT DANGEROLS TO GO INTO JUNGLE WITHOUT GOOD GUN! I DARE YOU TO PROVE OTHERWISE!
I'LL ACCEPT THAT CHALLENGE! HOLD ON TO MY RIFLE, NURA--I'M GOING TO SHOW JANU HOW UNNECESSARY IT IS! COME ON, JANU!
AND, AS THE PAIR PLUNGES INTO THE JUNGLE...
CONGO BILL TAKE GREAT RISK--JUST TO TEACH JANU DANGER OF GUNS!
TRUE--BUT DO NOT FEAR! NO ONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS THE JUNGLE LIKE CONGO BILL!


BUT, AFTER ONLY A FEW HOURS INSIDE THE STEAMING TROPICAL FOREST...
CONGO BILL, LOOK--TWO WILD ELEPHANTS! IF THEY CATCH OUR SCENT, WE BOTH DONE FOR WITHOUT GUN FOR YOU!
SHH
SUDDENLY...
THEY DID IT--CATCH OUR SCENT! NOW WHAT WE DO?
EXACTLY WHAT I TELL YOU TO! CLIMB THE TREE, JANU--HURRY--WHILE I GET THIS JACKET OFF!

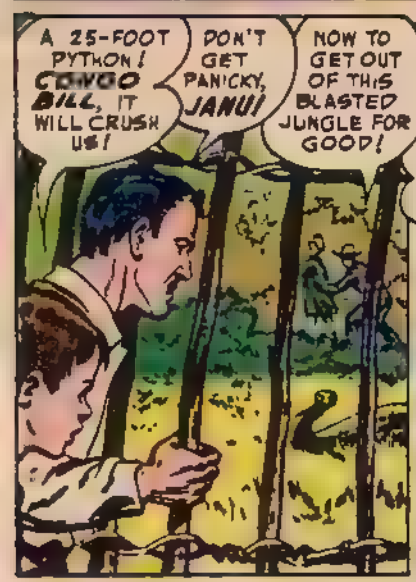
UP HERE NO GOOD, CONGO BILL! EACH ELEPHANT STRONG ENOUGH TO TEAR DOWN TREE WITH US! YOU KNOW THAT?
SURE I KNOW THAT, JANU!
BUT THEY'RE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT WHAT THEY SCENTED WAS MY JACKET-- AND THEY WON'T EVEN GO LOOKING FOR US UP HERE!
SAY, THAT PRETTY SMART, CONGO BILL!
BUT, NEARBY, THE SCENE IS WITNESSED BY TWO HUNTED MEN...
THEN IT'S TRUE THAT CONGO BILL ENTERED THE JUNGLE UNARMED! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HIDING!
SURE, AND OUR CHANCE TO FINISH HIM OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL!
SOON...
CONGO BILL, I HEAR FOOTSTEPS-- COMING THIS WAY!
SO DO I! THEY'RE NOT NATIVES, WHO DON'T WEAR HEAVY BOOTS-- NOR ANIMALS, WHICH WOULD MAKE HEAVIER SOUNDS!
JUST THEN...
THERE THEY GO, CONGO BILL!
THE KILLERS I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! QUICKLY, HELP ME BEND THIS YOUNG TREE BACK AS FAR AS IT WILL GO!
CLOSER AND CLOSER COME THE KILLERS, UNTIL
HA, HA-- GOING INTO THE JUNGLE WITHOUT A GUN WAS A GREAT IDEA, MR. CONGO BILL-- FOR US!
STOP THE GAB-- AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!

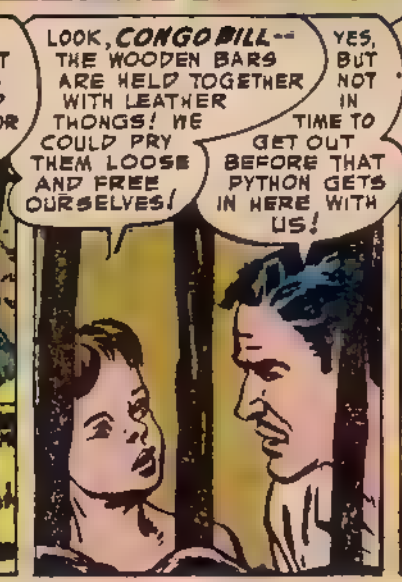

BUT, AS TWO GUNS EXPLODE SIMULTANEOUSLY, CONGO BILL MAKES HIS LIGHTNING MOVE...
LET GO THE TREE, JANU!
BANG
BANG

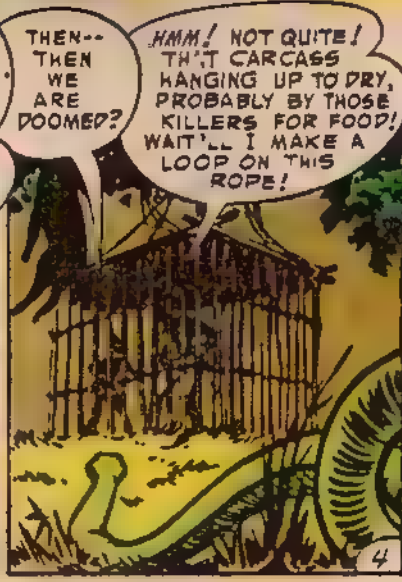

NOW WE'RE MORE EVENLY MATCHED!
NICE TRICK, CONGO BILL...

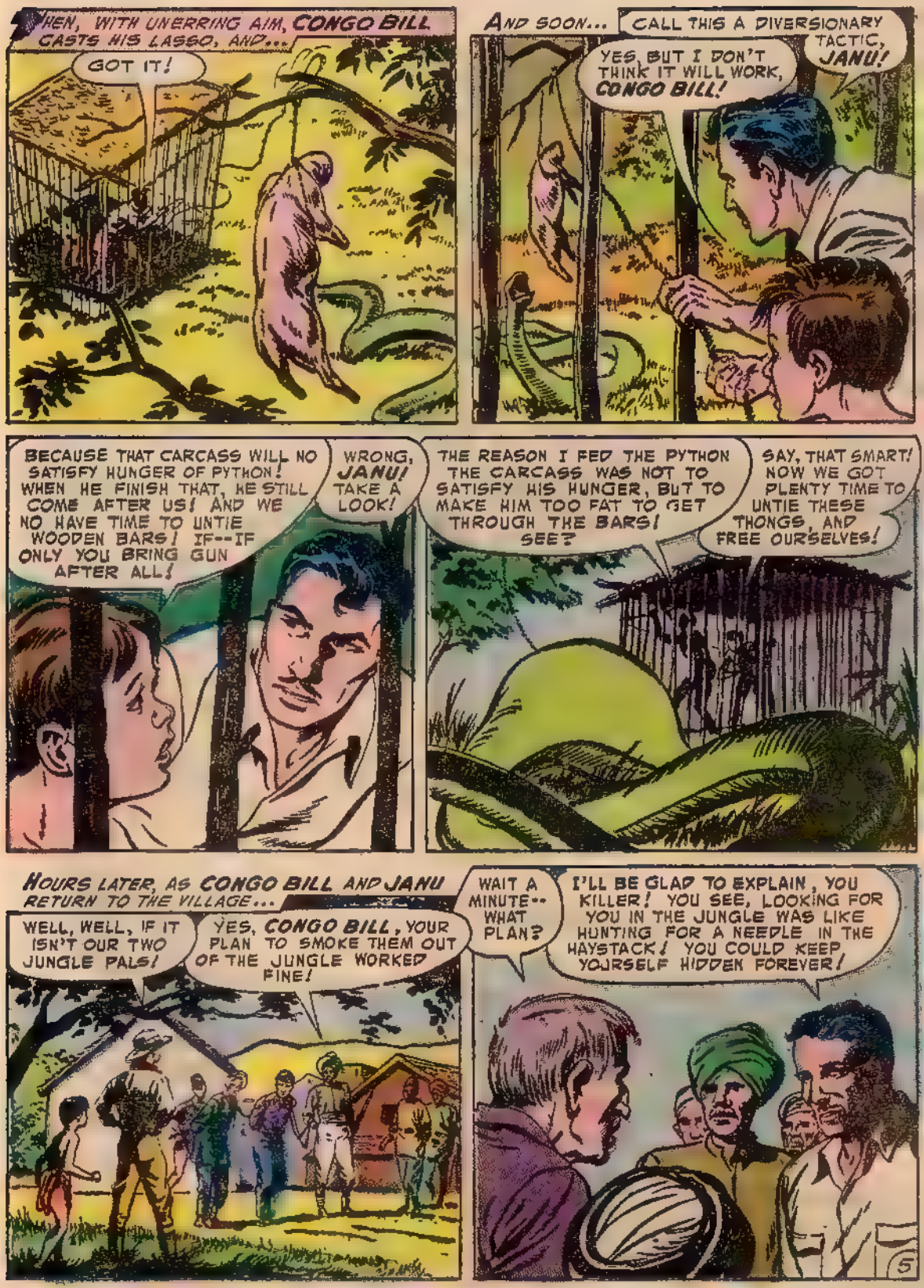
BUT I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY OWN SLEEVE! LIKE THIS!
HUH?

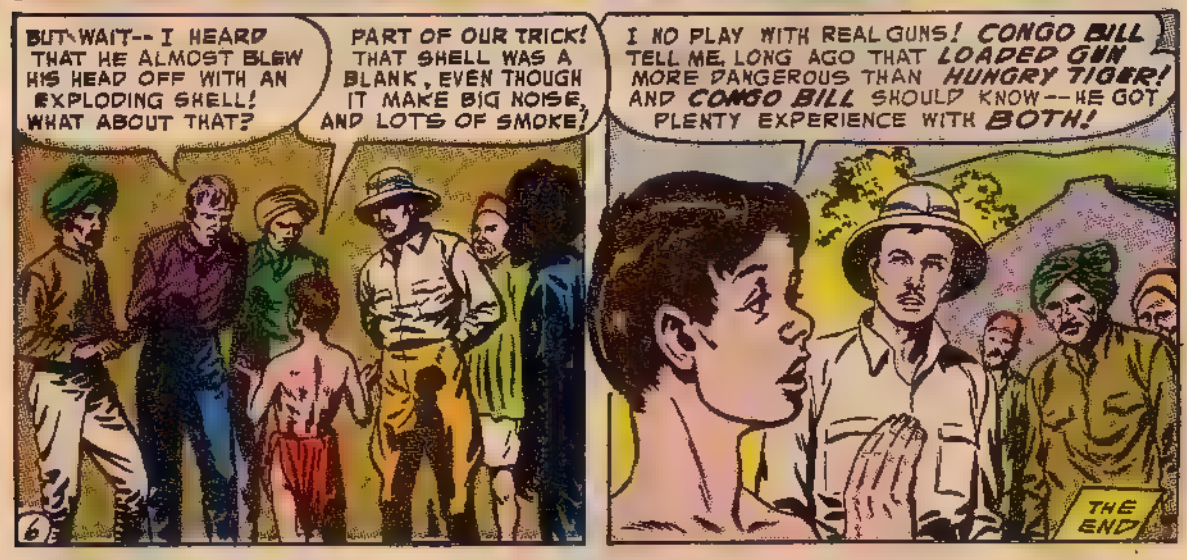
A TIGER TRAP!
NOW LET'S HUNT UP OUR RIFLES AND FINISH THEM OFF!
NOT ENOUGH TIME! BESIDES, WE DON'T HAVE TO KILL THEM! IT'S GOING TO BE DONE FOR US! LOOK!


A 25-FOOT PYTHON! CONGO BILL, IT WILL CRUSH US!
DON'T GET PANICKY, JANU!
NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS BLASTED JUNGLE FOR GOOD!


LOOK, CONGO BILL-- THE WOODEN BARS ARE HELD TOGETHER WITH LEATHER THONGS! WE COULD PRY THEM LOOSE AND FREE OURSELVES!
YES, BUT NOT IN TIME TO GET OUT BEFORE THAT PYTHON GETS IN HERE WITH US!


THEN-- THEN WE ARE DOOMED?
HMM! NOT QUITE! TH'T CARCASS HANGING UP TO DRY, PROBABLY BY THOSE KILLERS FOR FOOD! WAIT'LL I MAKE A LOOP ON THIS ROPE!


WHEN, WITH UNERRING AIM, CONGO BILL CASTS HIS LASSO, AND...
GOT IT!
AND SOON...
CALL THIS A DIVERSIONARY TACTIC, JANU!
YES, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL WORK, CONGO BILL!
BECAUSE THAT CARCASS WILL NO SATISFY HUNGER OF PYTHON! WHEN HE FINISH THAT, HE STILL COME AFTER US! AND WE NO HAVE TIME TO UNTIE WOODEN BARS! IF--IF ONLY YOU BRING GUN AFTER ALL!
WRONG, JANU! TAKE A LOOK!
THE REASON I FED THE PYTHON THE CARCASS WAS NOT TO SATISFY HIS HUNGER, BUT TO MAKE HIM TOO FAT TO GET THROUGH THE BARS! SEE?
SAY, THAT SMART! NOW WE GOT PLENTY TIME TO UNTIE THESE THONGS, AND FREE OURSELVES!
HOURS LATER, AS CONGO BILL AND JANU RETURN TO THE VILLAGE...
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR TWO JUNGLE PALS!
YES, CONGO BILL, YOUR PLAN TO SMOKE THEM OUT OF THE JUNGLE WORKED FINE!
WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT PLAN?
I'LL BE GLAD TO EXPLAIN, YOU KILLER! YOU SEE, LOOKING FOR YOU IN THE JUNGLE WAS LIKE HUNTING FOR A NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK! YOU COULD KEEP YOURSELF HIDDEN FOREVER!



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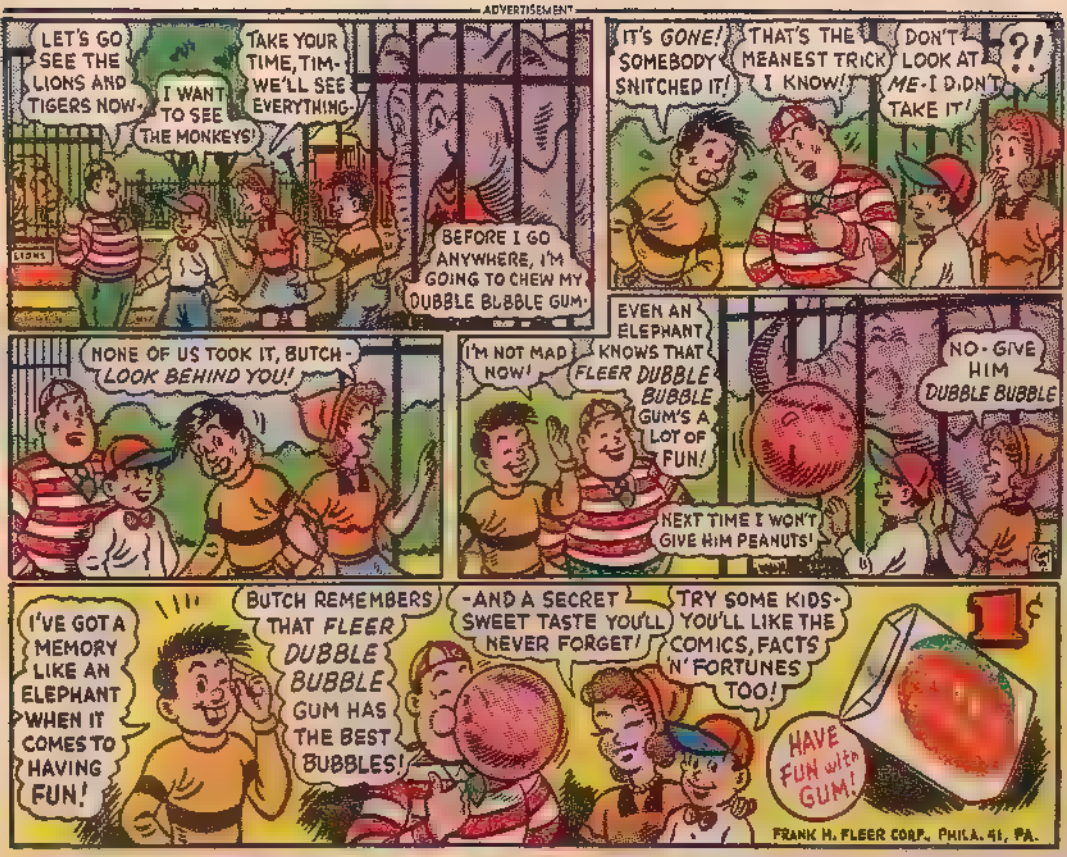

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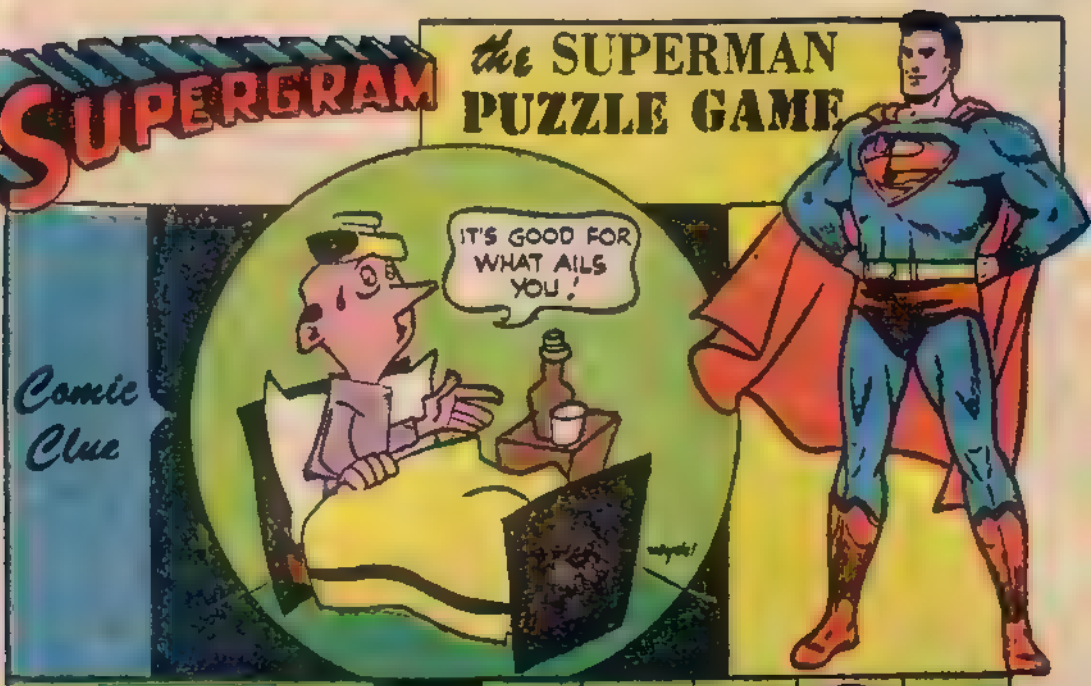


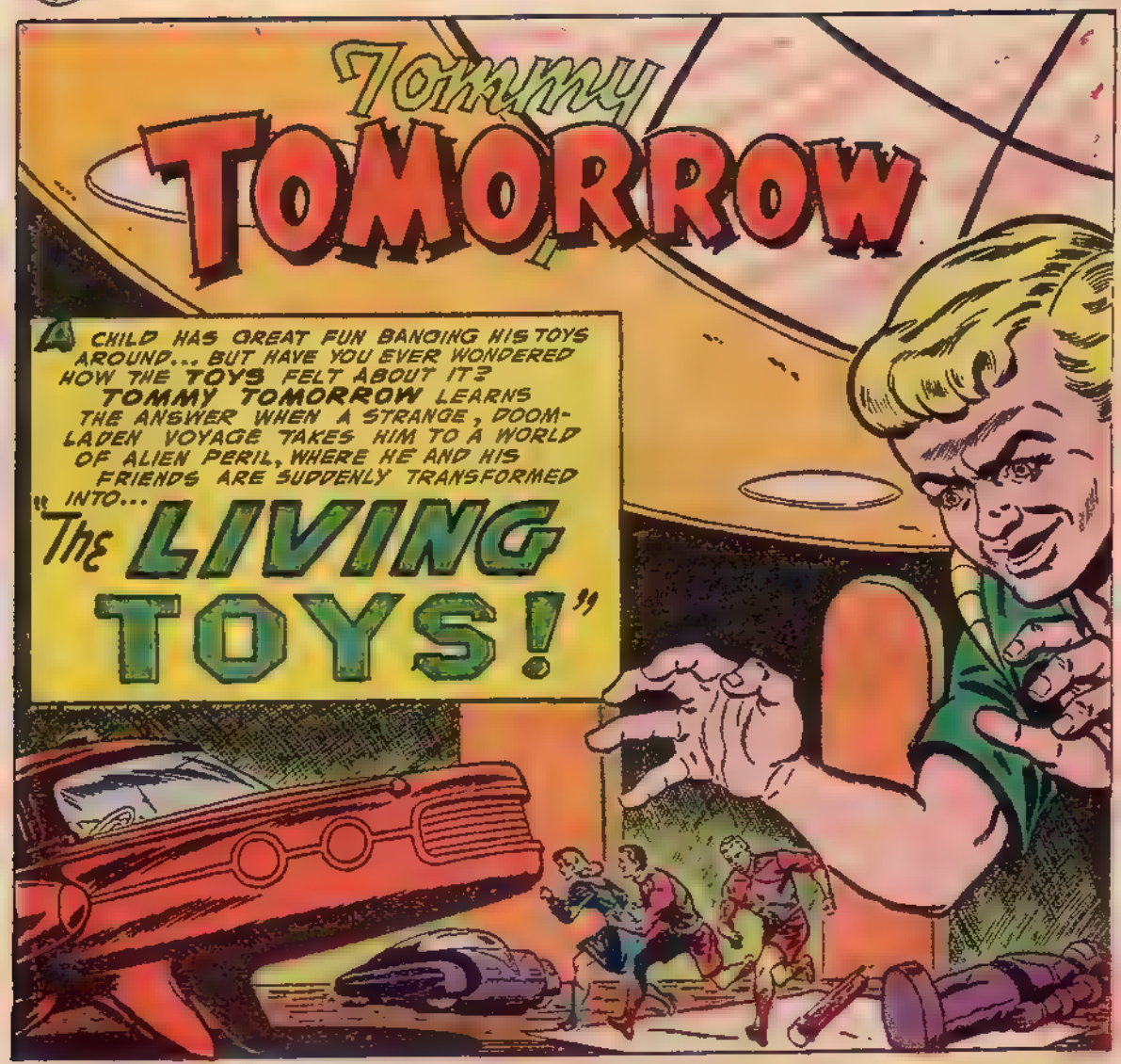
1	ONE WHO IS IN DEBT	D				○	
2	ONE WHO EDITS		D		○		
3	A PERSON LIVING IN HIRED QUARTERS		○	D			
4	THE CENTER			○	D		
5	A FORMAL PROCESSION			○		D	
6	A TROPICAL FLOWER			○			D

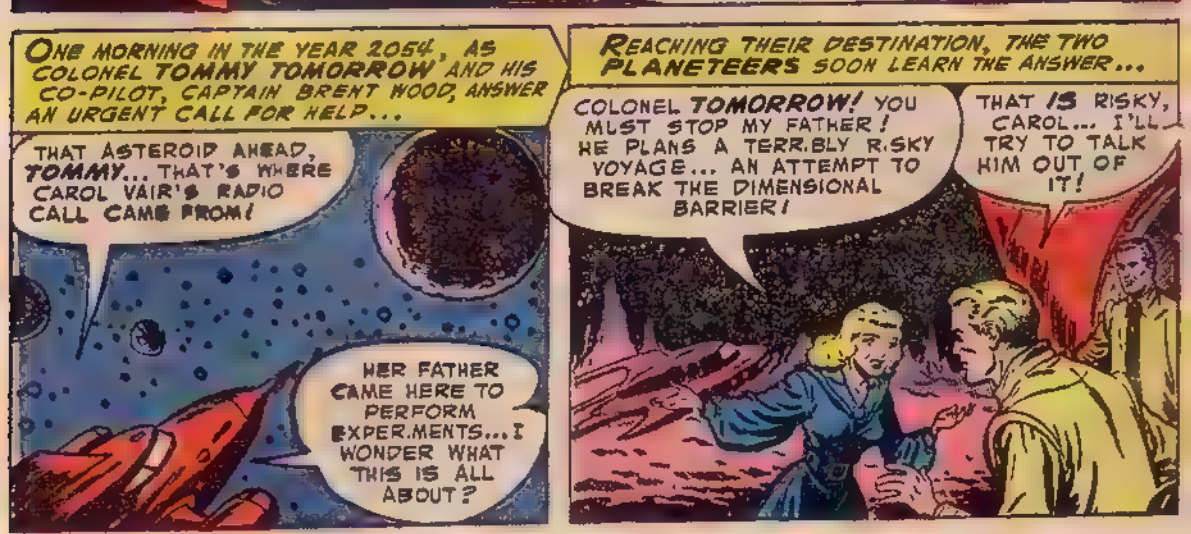
DIRECTIONS

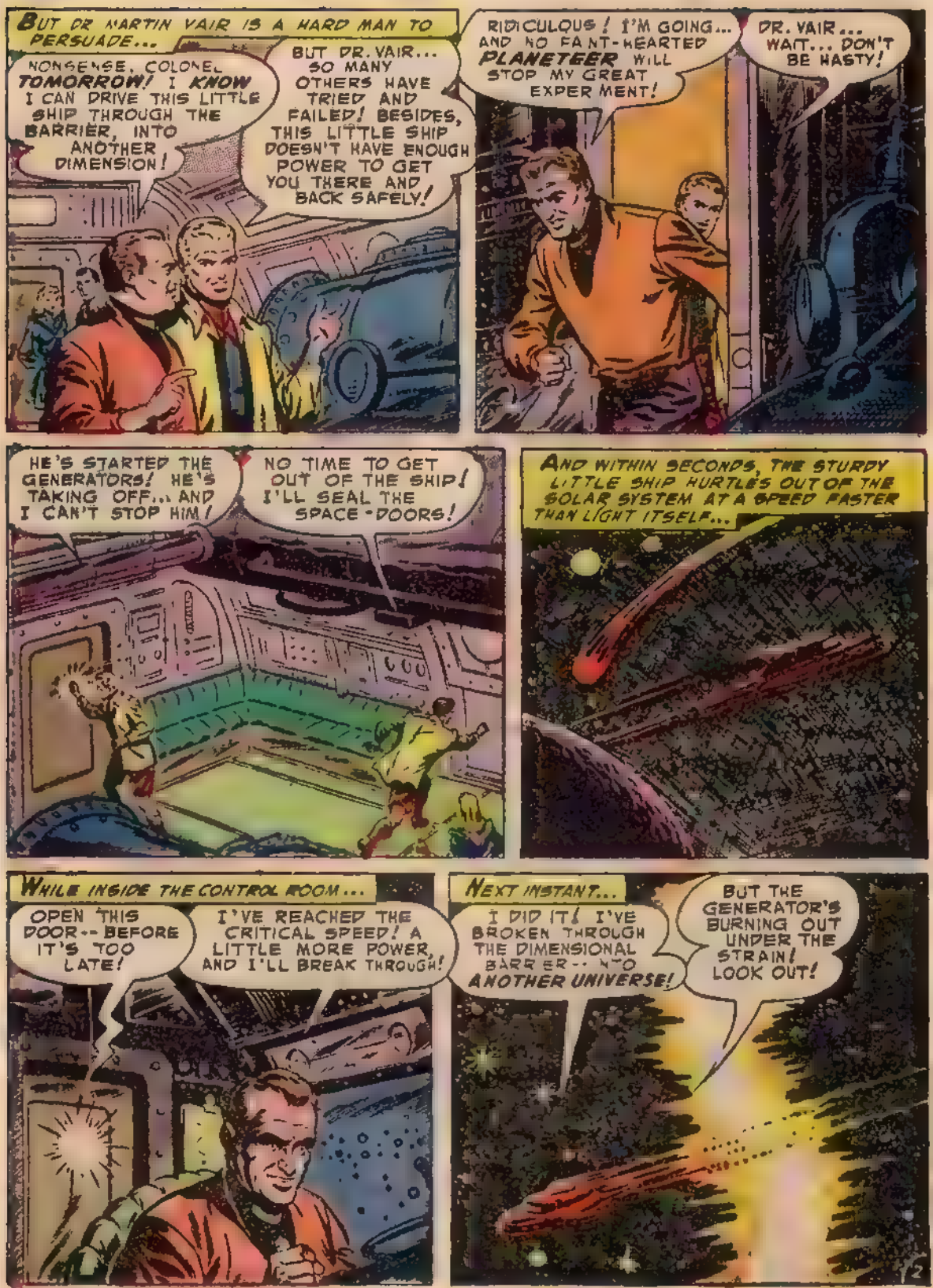
THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD. HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT-- SIX MISSING WORDS ARE DEFINED ABOVE. ONE LETTER IN EACH MISSING WORD HAS ALREADY BEEN INSERTED. PRINT THE 6 WORDS, A LETTER TO A SQUARE. THIS DONE CORRECTLY, YOU MAY NOW ARRANGE THE ENCIRCLED LETTERS TO SPELL THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE. THINKING CAP ON -- PENCIL READY? HAVE FUN!

Answer

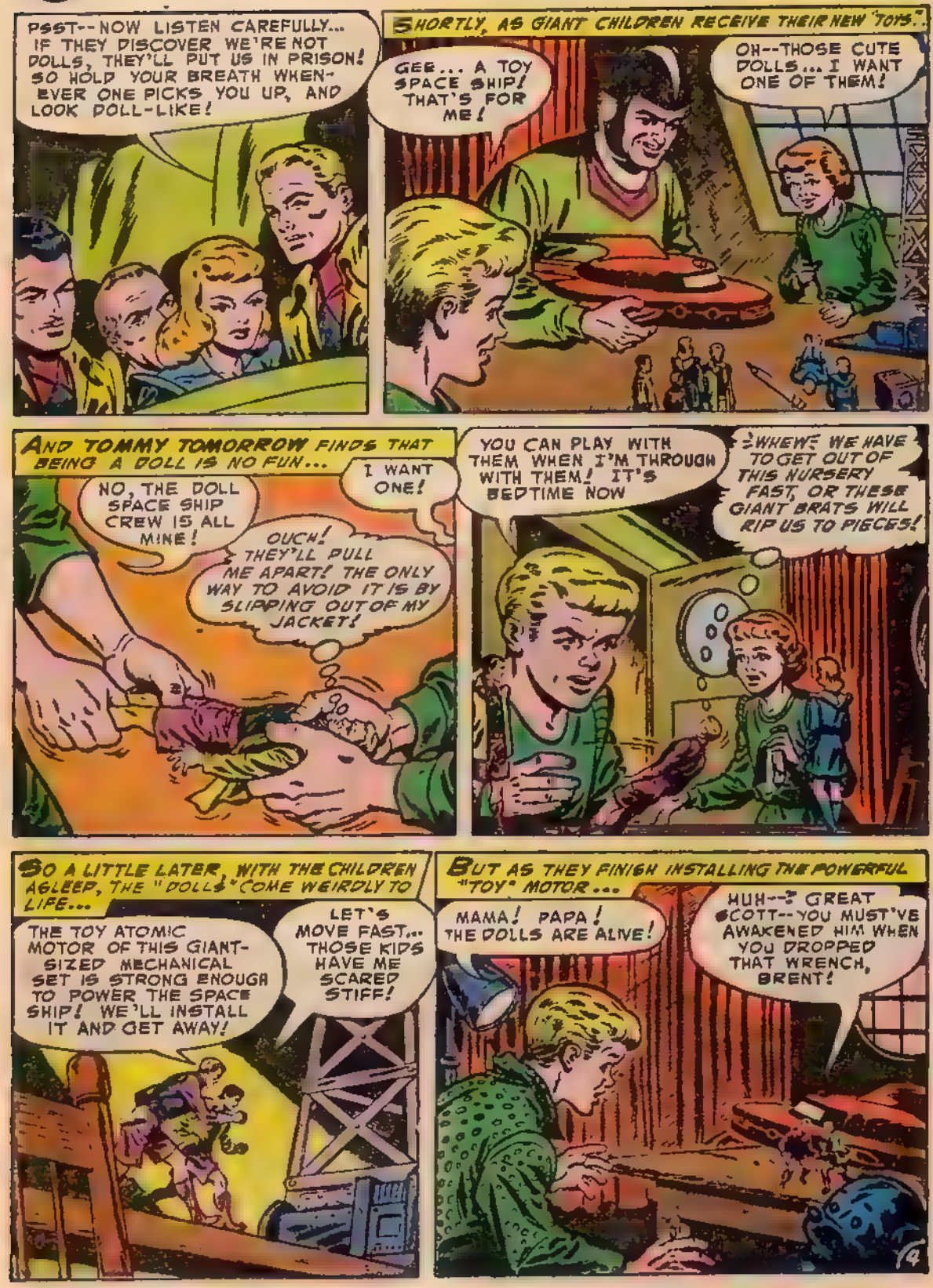
1- DEBTOR 2- EDITOR 3- LODGER 4- MIDDLE
5- PARADE 6- ORCHID (Comic Clue Answer- DOCTOR)

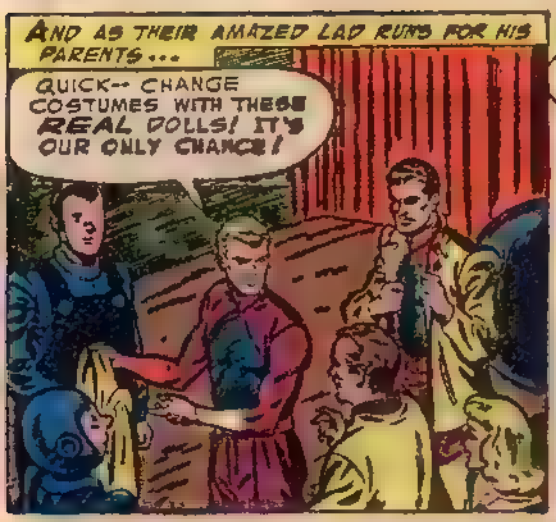

Tommy
TOMORROW
A CHILD HAS GREAT FUN BANGING HIS TOYS AROUND... BUT HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED HOW THE TOYS FELT ABOUT IT? TOMMY TOMORROW LEARNS THE ANSWER WHEN A STRANGE, DOOM-LADEN VOYAGE TAKES HIM TO A WORLD OF ALIEN PERIL, WHERE HE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED INTO...
"The LIVING TOYS!"

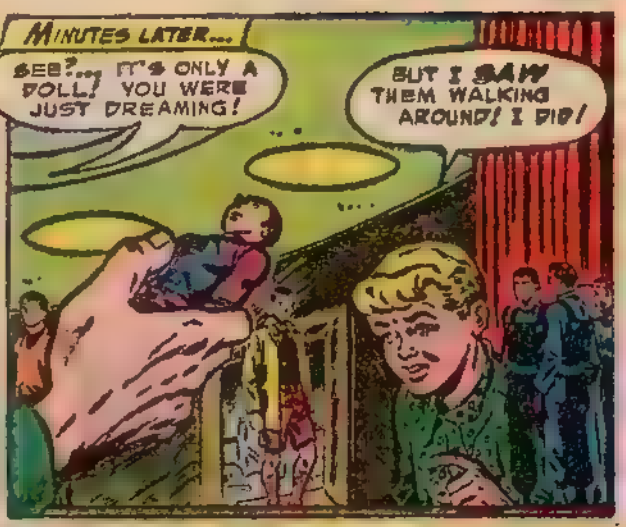

ONE MORNING IN THE YEAR 2054, AS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS CO-PILOT, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, ANSWER AN URGENT CALL FOR HELP...
THAT ASTEROID AHEAD, TOMMY... THAT'S WHERE CAROL VAIR'S RADIO CALL CAME FROM!
HER FATHER CAME HERE TO PERFORM EXPERIMENTS... I WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
REACHING THEIR DESTINATION, THE TWO PLANETEERS SOON LEARN THE ANSWER...
COLONEL TOMORROW! YOU MUST STOP MY FATHER! HE PLANS A TERRIBLY RISKY VOYAGE... AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER!
THAT IS RISKY, CAROL... I'LL TRY TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT!

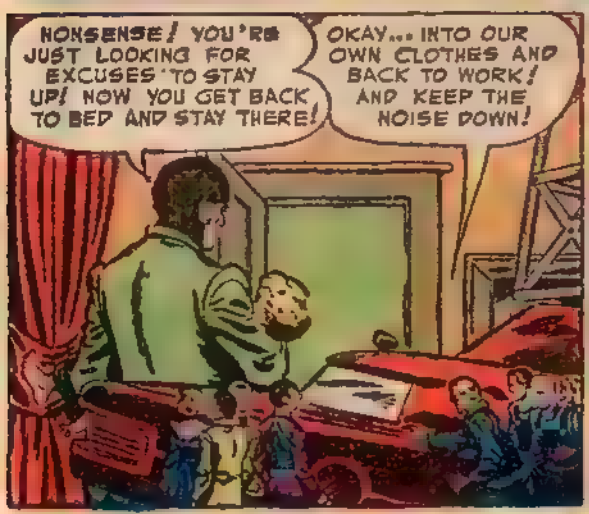

BUT DR MARTIN VAIR IS A HARD MAN TO PERSUADE...
NONSENSE, COLONEL TOMORROW! I KNOW I CAN DRIVE THIS LITTLE SHIP THROUGH THE BARRIER, INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION!
BUT DR. VAIR... SO MANY OTHERS HAVE TRIED AND FAILED! BESIDES, THIS LITTLE SHIP DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH POWER TO GET YOU THERE AND BACK SAFELY!
RIDICULOUS! I'M GOING... AND NO FAINT-HEARTED PLANETEER WILL STOP MY GREAT EXPERIMENT!
DR. VAIR... WAIT... DON'T BE HASTY!
HE'S STARTED THE GENERATORS! HE'S TAKING OFF... AND I CAN'T STOP HIM!
NO TIME TO GET OUT OF THE SHIP! I'LL SEAL THE SPACE-DOORS!
AND WITHIN SECONDS, THE STURDY LITTLE SHIP HURTLES OUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AT A SPEED FASTER THAN LIGHT ITSELF...
WHILE INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM...
OPEN THIS DOOR-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
I'VE REACHED THE CRITICAL SPEED! A LITTLE MORE POWER, AND I'LL BREAK THROUGH!
NEXT INSTANT...
I DID IT! I'VE BROKEN THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER-- INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE!
BUT THE GENERATOR'S BURNING OUT UNDER THE STRAIN! LOOK OUT!

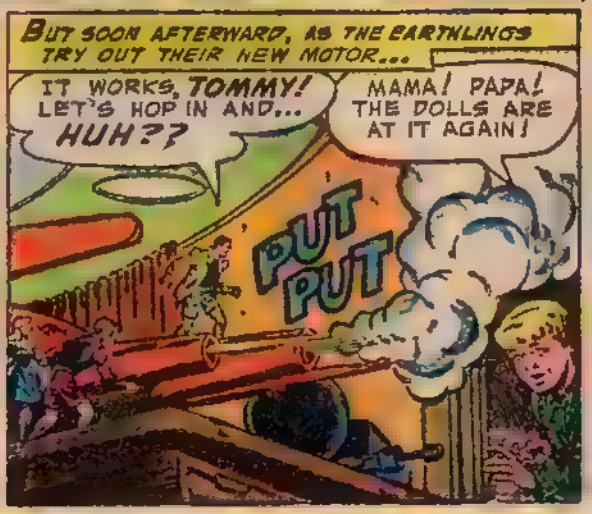
ARE YOU PEOPLE ALL RIGHT?
YES... BUT WITH THESE GENERATORS BURNED OUT, WE'RE MAROONED IN THIS ALIEN UNIVERSE!
AND IN THIS DIRE EMERGENCY, A MASTER-PILOT TAKES OVER...
THERE'S A BIG PLANET AHEAD! I'LL MAKE A FORCED LANDING ON IT IF YOU RIG EMERGENCY ROCKETS, BRENT!
RIGHT, TOMMY!
GULP! I--I DIDN'T DREAM THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
DOWN TOWARD THE HUGE, ALIEN PLANET OF A STRANGE UNIVERSE SINKS THE CRIPPLED SHIP...
THE EMERGENCY ROCKETS ARE BRAKING OUR FALL SAFELY!
BUT LOOK AT THE TREES AND BIRDS OF THIS PLANET! THEY'RE COLOSSAL!
IT'S A GIANT WORLD INDEED THAT THE FOUR EARTH PEOPLE EMERGE UPON...
A SHIP WAS GLIMPSED LANDING! AND NOBODY WHO LANDS ON OUR WORLD MUST EVER LEAVE IT--OR WE MIGHT BE INVADED!
HEAR THAT? WE'VE GOT TO FOOL THEM, OR WE'LL BE IMPRISONED HERE FOREVER! DO AS I SAY NOW...
AH--HERE IT IS... JUST A TOY SPACE SHIP--A FALSE ALARM!
AND THESE DOLLS WERE ITS "CREW"! THEY'RE SO LIFELIKE... MUST BE MADE OF A NEW PLASTIC THAT RESEMBLES FLESH!
MUST HOLD MY BREATH, OR HE'LL KNOW I'M ALIVE!
I'LL GIVE THIS CLEVER TOY SHIP AND ITS DOLL CREW TO MY YOUNGSTERS... THEY'LL LOVE IT!
AND I'LL REPORT THAT NO REAL SHIP LANDED... ONLY THIS TOY!


PSST--NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY... IF THEY DISCOVER WE'RE NOT DOLLS, THEY'LL PUT US IN PRISON! SO HOLD YOUR BREATH WHENEVER ONE PICKS YOU UP, AND LOOK DOLL-LIKE!
SHORTLY, AS GIANT CHILDREN RECEIVE THEIR NEW "TOYS"...
GEE... A TOY SPACE SHIP! THAT'S FOR ME!
OH--THOSE CUTE DOLLS... I WANT ONE OF THEM!
AND TOMMY TOMORROW FINDS THAT BEING A DOLL IS NO FUN...
I WANT ONE!
NO, THE DOLL SPACE SHIP CREW IS ALL MINE!
OUCH! THEY'LL PULL ME APART! THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID IT IS BY SLIPPING OUT OF MY JACKET!
YOU CAN PLAY WITH THEM WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH THEM! IT'S BEDTIME NOW
WHEW! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS NURSERY FAST, OR THESE GIANT BRATS WILL RIP US TO PIECES!
SO A LITTLE LATER, WITH THE CHILDREN AGLEEP, THE "DOLLS" COME WEIRDLY TO LIFE...
THE TOY ATOMIC MOTOR OF THIS GIANT-SIZED MECHANICAL SET IS STRONG ENOUGH TO POWER THE SPACE SHIP! WE'LL INSTALL IT AND GET AWAY!
LET'S MOVE FAST... THOSE KIDS HAVE ME SCARED STIFF!
BUT AS THEY FINISH INSTALLING THE POWERFUL "TOY" MOTOR...
MAMA! PAPA! THE DOLLS ARE ALIVE!
HUH--? GREAT SCOTT--YOU MUST'VE AWAKENED HIM WHEN YOU DROPPED THAT WRENCH, BRENT!
14


AND AS THEIR AMAZED LAD RUNS FOR HIS PARENTS...
QUICK-- CHANGE COSTUMES WITH THESE REAL DOLLS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!


MINUTES LATER...
SEE?... IT'S ONLY A DOLL! YOU WERE JUST DREAMING!
BUT I SAW THEM WALKING AROUND! I DID!

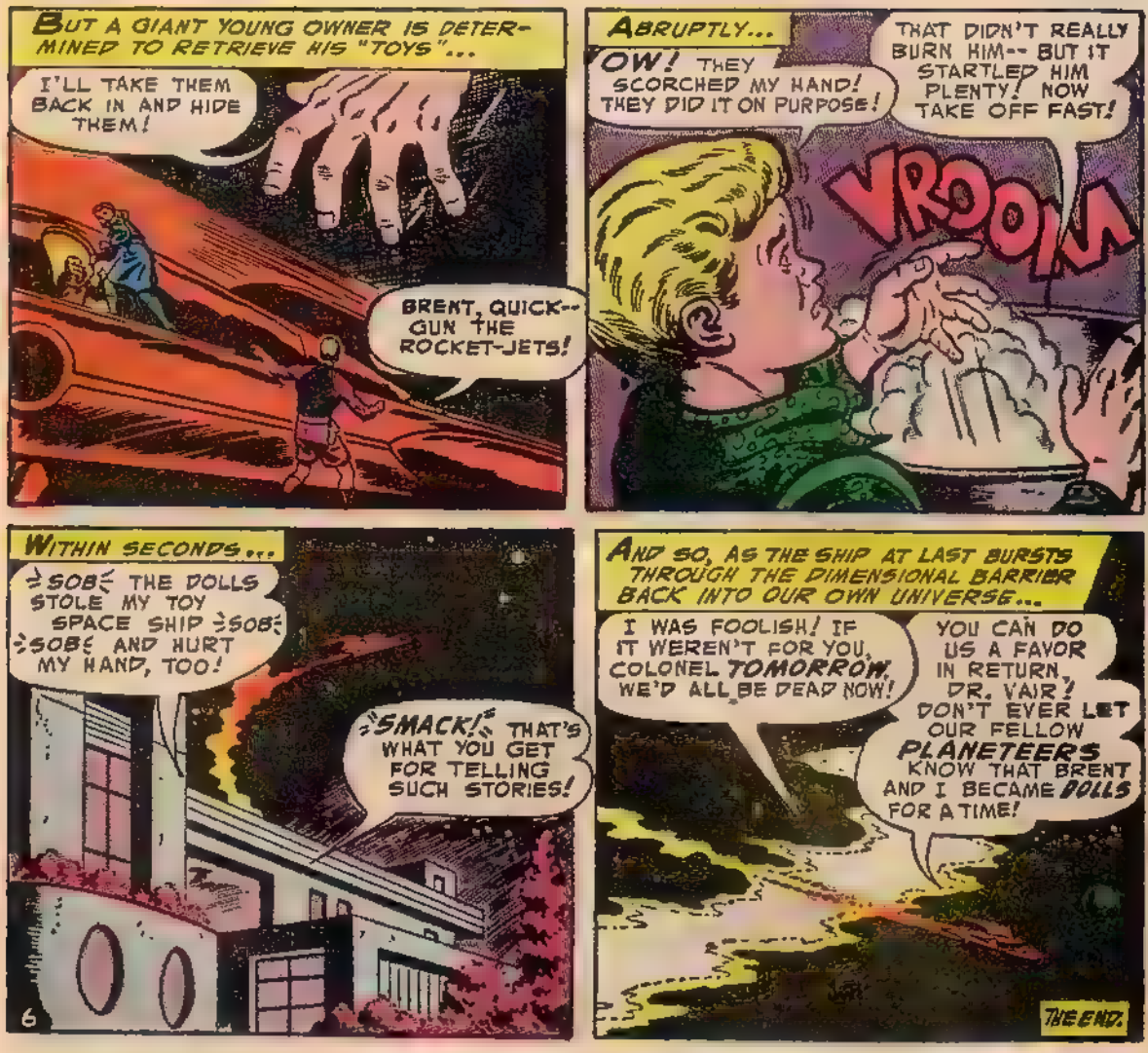

NONSENSE! YOU'RE JUST LOOKING FOR EXCUSES TO STAY UP! NOW YOU GET BACK TO BED AND STAY THERE!
OKAY... INTO OUR OWN CLOTHES AND BACK TO WORK! AND KEEP THE NOISE DOWN!


BUT SOON AFTERWARD, AS THE EARTHLINGS TRY OUT THEIR NEW MOTOR...
IT WORKS, TOMMY! LET'S HOP IN AND... HUH??
MAMA! PAPA! THE DOLLS ARE AT IT AGAIN!
PUT PUT

AND THIS TIME, THERE'S NO CHANCE TO SWITCH COSTUMES..
I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP THE HOUSE AWAKE ALL NIGHT! THOSE MEAN TOTS ARE DOING INTO THE ASH CAN!
BUT IT WAS TRUE! I SAW THEM!

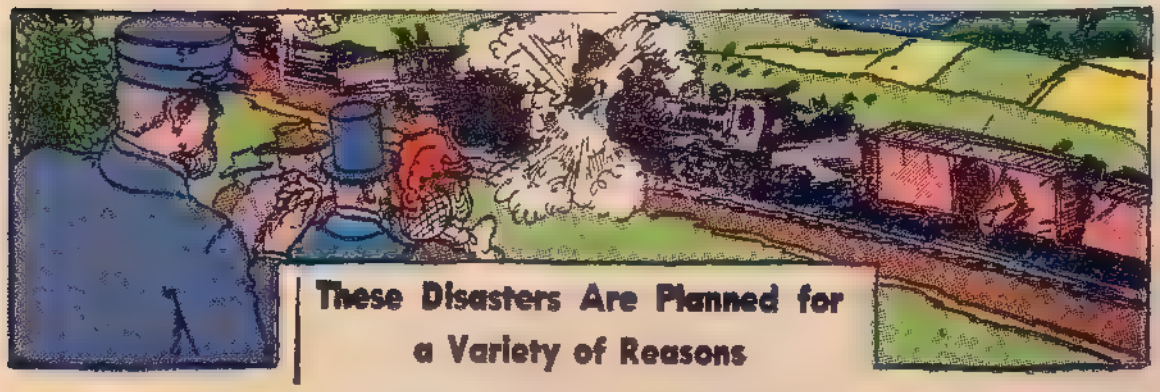
AND OUTSIDE...
THAT'S THE END OF THAT NUISANCE!

PLUMMETING HELPLESSLY, THE QUICK-THINKING PLANETEERS BREAK A DANGEROUS FALL...
OUR HAND-ROCKETS WILL LET US DOWN EASILY!
AT LEAST WE GOT AWAY FROM THAT RUDE BRAT! NOW WE CAN TAKE OFF IN THE SHIP!


BUT A GIANT YOUNG OWNER IS DETERMINED TO RETRIEVE HIS "TOYS"...
I'LL TAKE THEM BACK IN AND HIDE THEM!
BRENT, QUICK--GUN THE ROCKET-JETS!
ABRUPTLY...
OW! THEY SCORCHED MY HAND! THEY DID IT ON PURPOSE!
THAT DIDN'T REALLY BURN HIM-- BUT IT STARTLED HIM PLENTY! NOW TAKE OFF FAST!
VROOM
WITHIN SECONDS...
SOB THE DOLLS STOLE MY TOY SPACE SHIP SOB SOB AND HURT MY HAND, TOO!
"SMACK!" THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TELLING SUCH STORIES!
6
AND SO, AS THE SHIP AT LAST BURSTS THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER BACK INTO OUR OWN UNIVERSE...
I WAS FOOLISH! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, COLONEL TOMORROW, WE'D ALL BE DEAD NOW!
YOU CAN DO US A FAVOR IN RETURN, DR. VAIR! DON'T EVER LET OUR FELLOW PLANETEERS KNOW THAT BRENT AND I BECAME DOLLS FOR A TIME!
THE END.

BAT MAN
THE DYNAMIC DUO FACES THE CLAWS AND CUNNING OF THE CATWOMAN
THREE
OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE TEAM
EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES
BAT MAN
With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER
"THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES of GOTHAM CITY!"
"TEN NIGHTS of FEAR!"
"VALLEY of GIANT BEES!"
GET YOUR COPY NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

TRAIN WRECKS MADE TO ORDER



These Disasters Are Planned for a Variety of Reasons

THE vast multitude of people dotting the countryside knew that the collision between the two speeding engines was unavoidable. It was true: no force on earth could stop the steel monsters as they raced toward each other at full speed.

And the crash, when it came, caused an ear-splitting explosion that literally rocked the ground. Jets of escaping steam from the crumpled boilers blotted out the entire countryside for several minutes, as the crowd strained to see the last moments of the groaning engines.

Strangely enough, no one was hurt in the crash, and, aside from the sheer stunning spectacle, no one was particularly shocked or surprised by the incident. The reason? The train wreck had been planned, and the large crowd watching had paid to enjoy the event. This is how it had all come about.

Some years ago, the Rutland, Toluca and Northern Railroad suddenly found itself bankrupt. The Illinois short line, a victim of the depression, was now in possession of a number of locomotives and other rolling stock which it could not sell to satisfy the growing demands of its creditors.

What to do? One bright executive came up with what seemed at the moment to be an illogical answer:

"Look here," he said to his fellow directors, "our creditors are screaming for their money, and we can't even sell anything to satisfy them. The engines and everything else are too old to be of interest to any possible buyers. So I've got an idea how we can raise some money."

The board of directors leaned forward in their seats, and listened.

"Let's put on a train wreck—a big crashing train wreck: And we'll charge admission to see it. I'll bet the event would attract thousands!"

The men exchanged meaningful glances.

"You must be mad," exclaimed one of them.

But the young director was persistent. "I tell you, it can't miss! Who wouldn't pay 25 cents to see an actual train wreck? It's a sure-fire attraction!"

In the end, the young man's persistence won out, and arrangements were made, including the printing of tickets.

On the appointed day, the board of directors stared. More than 25,000 people, including railroad officials from all over the United States, showed up, all clamor-

ing for tickets. The directors threw up their hands, and joined in the fun.

The site selected for the head-on crash was a straightaway near Magnolia, Ill. The performance had been carefully rehearsed by the crews of both trains, which, for five days, had put the trains into trial runs toward each other.

For the actual crash, the trains were backed up until they were a mile apart. The engineers were to stay with their engines until the last possible second before leaping.

The crash itself was, in the words of one person, "the most terrifying thing I ever saw!" But one of the engineers who had jumped 15 seconds after seeing the other train on the 300 yard straightaway, and, therefore, got the closest look at the collision, remarked:

"That was about as near as a man can get to a wreck without actually being in it! Flying missiles, and that noise! I'm seriously considering retiring from railroading!"

But the RT&N wasn't the first planned train wreck in history, nor was it the last. Way back in 1896, the general passenger agent of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas RR, a man suitably named W. G. Crush, had the same notion to raise funds and get some much-needed publicity.

The idea caught fire, and captured the imagination of the populace, for more than 30,000 people were on hand to witness the spectacle.

The site chosen for the exhibition was a basin about a quarter of a mile across, with rolling hills surrounding it.

Two old diamond-stack wood-burning locomotives, each pulling six boxcars, were made ready for the sacrifice.

The affair might have gone off without further incident, and won its place in history as America's first made-to-order train wreck, if Agent Crush hadn't let his enthusiasm for the show run away with him.

No safety measures were prepared to guard against the exploding boilers, and the crowd was allowed to get too close to the crash. As a result, two people were killed instantly when the boiler exploded, and many more were injured.

Agent Crush had dreamed up the stunt to raise revenue, and gain publicity. The damage suits that were filed against the railroad, turned the event into a losing venture, financially, while the publicity gained was all bad.

Planned train wrecks have been more frequent than most people believe. One man actually earned a very handsome living for over 35 years by wrecking trains for the public amusement. He became famous in the 1890s as "Head-On" Joe Connolly.

"Head-On" Joe staged his spectacles throughout the West and Midwest, and it is computed that millions gladly paid from 50 cents to $1.50 to witness Connolly's crashes. When "Head-On" retired at the age of 70, he could count 75 crack-ups to his credit.

One of the most expensively produced train wrecks was not a public spectacle. In July, 1937, Indian officials deliberately ran a train going 40 miles an hour down an embankment.

The wreck was staged in order to learn the cause of an actual wreck that had taken place earlier by a train going the same speed at the same spot. And the $150,000 it cost for the tailor-made wreck was deemed worth the money; for engineers did discover the flaw that was responsible for the earlier disaster; which had cost the lives of well over 100 people.

—Jack Mabely

SHORTY
ELECTRICAL REPAIRS
DIDN'T I ASK YOU YESTERDAY MORNING TO SEND A MAN TO FIX OUR DOORBELL ?
BUT WE DID, MADAM !
SHORTY, DIDN'T YOU GO OVER TO GLENDALE ROAD FOR THAT REPAIR JOB ?
SHOP
YESSIR ! I WENT ALL RIGHT, AND I RANG THE BELL FOR TEN MINUTES --
BUT I COULDN'T GET AN ANSWER, SO I FIGURED NOBODY WAS HOME !
END

VIGILANTE

THEY WERE SIX MEN OF THE WEST--ROUGH, TOUGH AND HEARTY--AND THEY HAD MOVED EAST TO LIVE IN A LARGE, SPRAWLING METROPOLIS. BUT THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN THEY RETURNED TO SADDLES AND SIXGUNS, IN AN ATTEMPT TO CARRY OUT A GRIM TRADITION OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY! BUT THEY DIDN'T RECKON ON CROSSING TRAILS WITH **THE VIGILANTE**, WHO HIMSELF BECAME THE OBJECT OF A SPECTACULAR MANHUNT BY...

THE BROADWAY POSSE!

YIP! YIP! YIII-I-I! WHERE'S THAT VARMINT GREG SANDERS? WE'LL SMOKE HIM OUT IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!

IF ONLY THEY KNEW... THAT **I'M** GREG SANDERS--IN MY ROLE OF **VIGILANTE**

BANG

ONE NIGHT, AS GREG SANDERS, THE FAMED **PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR**, WINDS UP A HALF-HOUR TV SHOW...

SO IT'S GOODBYE TO THE RANGES ONCE AGAIN--GOODBYE TO THE DISTANT ♪ ♪ SETTING SUN--♪

PSST--SIGNAL GREG... SOON AS HE FINISHES THIS SONG, I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN WITH A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

TVS

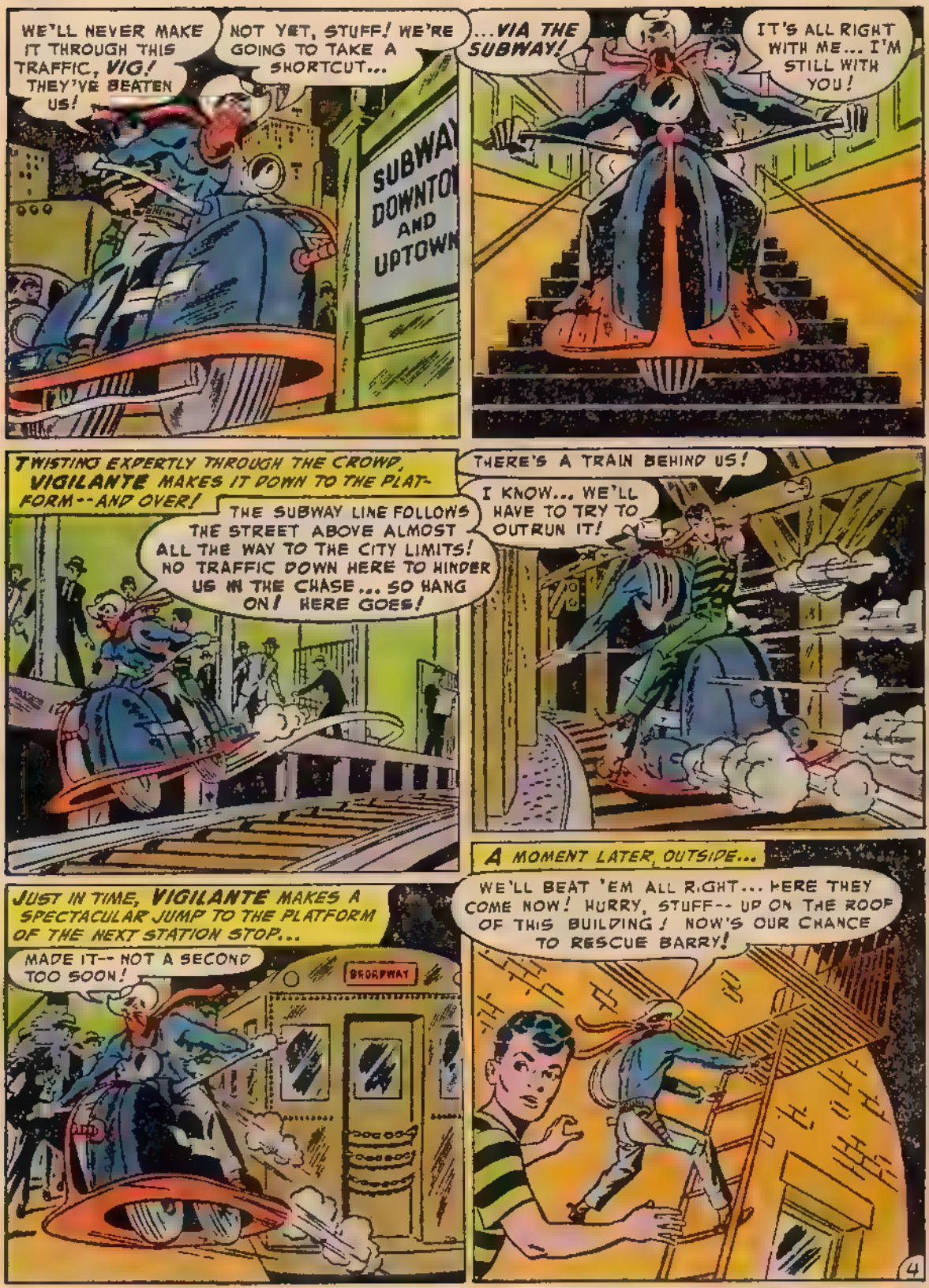
A MOMENT LATER...

ATTENTION! WE'VE JUST LEARNED THE RESULT OF THE SENSATIONAL CASE OF HARRY AMES, ALLEGED RACKETEER BOSS! AMES WAS RELEASED, DUE TO LACK OF EVIDENCE!

HMM... A LOT OF PEOPLE WON'T LIKE THAT! EVERYBODY THOUGHT AMES WAS GUILTY FOR SURE!

AND AS THE NEWS COMES OVER THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION SCREENS...
WHAT IN TARNATION'S WRONG WITH THE LAW NOWADAYS? THAT AMES WAS GUILTY AS SIN! OUT WEST, WHERE I WAS BRUNG UP, WE'D HANDLE THIS IN OUR OWN WAY!
UH-- EXCUSE ME, OLD-TIMER... I'M ARTHUR MILLS, AND I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU!
FURNITURE
SALE
SALE TV-SETS
$2
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
YOU SEE, I SPENT A LITTLE TIME IN THE WEST MYSELF-- AND I FEEL AS YOU DO... THAT AMES SHOULD ANSWER FOR HIS CRIMES! NOW, IF THERE WERE ONLY A FEW MORE MEN LIKE US...
I KNOW FOUR MORE-- ALL WESTERNERS LIKE ME! I'M GETTIN' HOLD OF 'EM TO-NIGHT-- AN' IF YOU'RE WITH US, MISTER-- WE'RE FORMIN' A POSSE TO CATCH THIS AMES BIRD!
BROADW
THUS, LATER THAT NIGHT, IN AN EAST SIDE APARTMENT...
BOYS, MEET ARTHUR MILLS! THIS IS JED, HANK, LONESOME JOE AN' KID BILLY!
HOWDY, MILLS!
HI'YA, PARD!
GLAD T' KNOW YUH!
HERE WE ARE, BOYS-- A SIGHT FOR SORE OL' WESTERN EYES! SADDLES AND SIXGUNS AN' TEN-GALLON HATS!
YIPPEE!
MAYBE WE AIN'T IN THE LAND O' TUMBLEWEED AND LONGHORNS, BUT WE'RE STILL THE BEST HOSSMEN THAT EVER SAT IN A SADDLE!
AND BEFORE LONG, ON THE CITY'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE...
LET'S GIVE THIS PLACE A GOOD LONG LOOK AT US! HA-YA! HA-YA!
AM I DREAMING? WILD WEST RIDERS-- HERE IN THE BIG CITY? I MUST BE!
CAFE
2

REACHING THE HOME OF RACKETEER HARRY AMES, THE STRANGE POSSE PROCEEDS TO METE OUT OLD WESTERN JUSTICE...
WH-WHAT DO YOU MEN WANT WITH ME?
YOU'LL SEE, HOMBRE! C'MON, BOYS ... WE'RE RID'N'!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE CITY LIMITS...
THIS TOWN DOESN'T NEED THE LIKES O' YOU! MAYBE THE LAW O' THE EAST DIDN'T FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO JAIL YOU--BUT WESTERN LAWS HAVE A WAY O' MAKIN' THINGS JUST! MAKE SURE YOU STAY ACROSS THAT LINE, AMES!
CITY LIMITS
BLARING HEADLINES SOON HERALD THE STARTLING STORY...
STAR
WESTERNERS FORM HORSE-RIDING POSSE IN METROPOLIS; HARRY AMES "ESCORTED" ACROSS CITY LINE--TOLD TO STAY
POSSE RIDES DOWN B'WAY
NOR IS THIS THE END OF THE SELF-APPOINTED LAWMEN'S ACTIVITIES--FOR IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW, OTHER KNOWN UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS GET THE SAME TREATMENT...
AND STAY OUTTA TOWN--OR ELSE!
D-DON'T WORRY... WE WON'T BE BACK!
CITY LIMITS
NEXT MORNING, IN THE HOTEL ROOM GREG SANDERS SHARES WITH HIS YOUNG SIDEKICK, STUFF...
BUT ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, STUFF, A CONVICT NAMED PETE BARRY HAS JUST BEEN PAROLED AND WILL ARRIVE IN THE CITY TONIGHT! THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE TO CATCH UP WITH THAT POSSE--BY MEETING BARRY AT THE STATION!
YOU MEAN, IN CASE THE POSSE IS THERE, TOO, EH, GREG? GOOD IDEA!
SO THAT EVENING, THE MILD-MANNERED SINGER DOFFS HIS EVERYDAY GARMENTS AND DONS THE FIGHTING COSTUME OF...
...VIGILANTE--MASKED UPHOLDER OF LAW AND ORDER!
BUT AS HE AND STUFF HEAD OUT TO THE STATION ON THEIR FAMED VIG-CYCLE...
JUMPING JACKRABBITS! THE TRAIN MUST'VE ARRIVED EARLY, VIG! THERE GOES THE POSSE NOW--AND THEY'VE GOT BARRY WITH THEM!
THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE CITY LIMITS, SAME AS WITH THE OTHERS!
13


WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT THROUGH THIS TRAFFIC, VIG! THEY'VE BEATEN US!
NOT YET, STUFF! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A SHORTCUT...
SUBWAY
DOWNTOWN
AND
UPTOWN
...VIA THE SUBWAY!
IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME... I'M STILL WITH YOU!
TWISTING EXPERTLY THROUGH THE CROWD, VIGILANTE MAKES IT DOWN TO THE PLATFORM--AND OVER!
THE SUBWAY LINE FOLLOWS THE STREET ABOVE ALMOST ALL THE WAY TO THE CITY LIMITS! NO TRAFFIC DOWN HERE TO HINDER US IN THE CHASE... SO HANG ON! HERE GOES!
THERE'S A TRAIN BEHIND US!
I KNOW... WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO OUTRUN IT!
A MOMENT LATER, OUTSIDE...
WE'LL BEAT 'EM ALL RIGHT... HERE THEY COME NOW! HURRY, STUFF-- UP ON THE ROOF OF THIS BUILDING! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO RESCUE BARRY!
JUST IN TIME, VIGILANTE MAKES A SPECTACULAR JUMP TO THE PLATFORM OF THE NEXT STATION STOP...
MADE IT-- NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
BROADWAY

AND AS THE POSSE RIDES PAST BELOW...
GOT HIM!
BLAST HIM! IT'S VIGILANTE AGAIN! GET HIM!
DOWN I GO-- AND UP GOES PETE BARRY!
BLAM
POACH
MEANWHILE, ATOP THE BUILDING...
YOU'RE FREE NOW...COME ON-- INSIDE AND DOWN THE STAIRWAY! WE'LL JOIN VIG LATER... THOSE ARE HIS ORDERS!
MILLS... HE WAS THE ONE AFTER ME! HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME-- I KNOW IT!
SOON AFTERWARD, DOWNSTAIRS...
THE POSSE ESCAPED-- BUT AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO WHISK YOU FROM THEIR GRASP, BARRY! THE POLICE TELL ME YOU HAVE INFORMATION THAT COULD CONVICT THE CRIME BOSS OF THIS CITY! IS THAT RIGHT?
YES, VIGILANTE... AND THAT CRIME BOSS IS ARTHUR MILLS!
I WORKED FOR MILLS BEFORE I WENT TO THE PEN! I GATHERED EVIDENCE THAT COULD CONVICT HIM... BUT DON'T MAKE ME TALK, VIGILANTE! I'M AFRAID FOR MY LIFE! IF I TURNED OVER THAT EVIDENCE NOW, HE'D KILL ME FOR SURE!
ALL RIGHT, BARRY-- WE'LL GIVE YOU TIME! YOU'LL STAY UNDER MY PROTECTION UNTIL WE GRAB MILLS!

LATER THAT NIGHT-- AFTER THE POSSE DISBANDS-- AT THE APARTMENT OF ARTHUR MILLS...
BOSS, NOW THAT VIGILANTE HAS BARRY, WHAT CAN YOU DO?
SIMPLE! MY NEXT PLAN IS TO TURN THE POSSE AGAINST VIGILANTE! THEN, JUST AS I PLANNED IN BARRY'S CASE-- I'LL "ACCIDENTALLY" HAVE VIGILANTE KILLED!
BUT THIS POSSE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING WITH DOESN'T KILL PEOPLE! THEY ONLY RUN CROOKS OUT OF TOWN! HOW CAN YOU TURN 'EM AGAINST VIGILANTE AND THEN KILL HIM?
STUPID-- I SAID I'D ARRANGE AN "ACCIDENTAL" DEATH! AS FOR TURNING THEM AGAINST HIM, THAT WILL BE SIMPLE! TONIGHT I VISIT A LOCAL PENNY ARCADE, AND TOMORROW, THE POSSE WILL BE CONVINCED THAT VIGILANTE IS A CROOK! I PROMISE IT!
AND SURE ENOUGH, ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...
WELL?... DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?
WE SURE DO, MILLS! THAT MAN'S A CROOK THROUGH AND THROUGH-- AND WE'RE GONNA SEE THAT WE RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN, PRONTO! RIGHT, BOYS?
YOU BET! LET'S RIDE!
MINUTES LATER, ALONG THE DIMLY-LIT BACK STREETS...
AFTER HIM!
OUT OF TOWN WITH THAT CROOK!
IN THE MEANTIME, NOT FAR AWAY...
WE'D BETTER GET TO THE STUDIOS RIGHT AWAY, STUFF! I'LL HAVE TO SWITCH TO GREG SANDERS AND APPEAR ON MY PROGRAM OF RANGE SONGS!
THEN, LATER, WE CAN LOOK FOR THAT POSSE!
BUT AT THE STUDIO, OTHER EYES WATCH...
THERE HE GOES-- INTO THE TELEVISION STUDIOS!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO AFTER HIM! MAYBE THAT CROOK IS UP TO ANOTHER OF HIS JOBS!
TELEVISION STUDIO

THUS, EVEN BEFORE VIGILANTE HAS A CHANCE TO SWITCH CLOTHING...
HEY! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THE WESTERN SETS ARE AT THE OTHER END OF THE STUDIO!
THE POSSE?... HERE?
TV
IF THEY CAN BRING HORSES ON STAGE, WE CAN DO THE SAME WITH THE MOTOR-CYCLE! THE CAMERAS MIGHT LIKE TO PICK UP THIS ACTION!
TWO DOWN!
YOW
TV
THE REST OF 'EM ARE COMING AFTER US -- FULL GALLOP! LET'S GIVE 'EM A SURPRISE!
OKAY, PARD!
HERE GOES...
OOF
WHUMP
7

STUFF TOOK CARE OF MILLS! NOW IT'S MY TURN! WONDER IF THE ANCIENT ROMANS USED THIS TRICK?
GOT 'EM--THE LAST TWO!
BUT WHEN THE BATTLE SUBSIDES,
ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT YOU HAVE ME--SO WHAT? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME--NOTHING!
YES HE HAS! HE HAS THIS ON YOU!
NOW THAT VIGILANTE HAS CAUGHT YOU, MILLS, I CAN TALK--AND SHOW EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE THE REAL BOSS OF CRIME IN THIS TOWN! I HAVE IT HERE!
PETE BARRY! BLAST YOU!
THEN YOU ARE VIGILANTE! BUT MILLS SHOWED US A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE THAT SAID THE REAL VIGILANTE WAS WOUNDED, AND THAT A CROOK TOOK HIS PLACE! THAT'S WHY WE CAME AFTER YOU!
A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE, EH? A LOT OF PENNY ARCADES HAVE PRESSES WHERE THEY'LL PRINT YOU A PHONY HEADLINE FOR ABOUT 25 CENTS! THAT'S WHAT MILLS DID!
THEN MILLS HAS BEEN THE CROOK ALL ALONG! BUT WHY DID HE WORK WITH US?
SIMPLE... HIS OBJECT WAS TO HAVE YOU PICK UP BARRY, KILL HIM "ACCIDENTALLY" AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE POSSE MADE A MISTAKE! THIS WAS TO SILENCE BARRY!
WE SPOILED MILLS' PLANS BY STEPPING INTO THE PICTURE! ANYHOW, I HOPE YOU BOYS REMEMBER THAT THE LAW KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF--AND THAT OLD WESTERN LAW IS A THING OF THE PAST!
SHAKE ON THAT, VIG! GUESS WE SHORE LEARNED A LESSON, PARD!
TV
THE END
3

STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS, AND GET THE GREATEST LAUGH-SHOW ON EARTH!
MUTT & JEFF
JUNE NO. 71
10¢
by BUD FISHER
HEY, MUTT—GLUB!— YA KNOW WHAT? I THINK WINTER'S OVER!
NOW HE TELLS ME! GLUB!
10¢
AMERICA'S ZANIEST PAIR!
—GOOD FOR A MILLION LAUGHS WHETHER YOU'RE 8 OR 80!
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

In 10 Minutes of FUN a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy YOU

Mail the Coupon below as I did!

May be LAST CHANCE before $1 price goes back!

GET ALL THESE 5 PICTURE-PACKED COURSES FREE If you mail coupon NOW!

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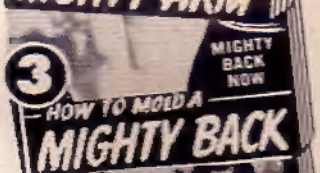

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to this

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NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Besides getting ALL **5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big BOOK of PHOTOS of STRONG MEN and BOYS who were WEAKLINGS like you BEFORE mailing coupon.

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NAME _____ AGE _____

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HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

HECK NO! THERE'S NO TREASURE DOWN HERE!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH! OR PREMIUMS!

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BE FIRST

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ACT NOW

WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR TIME DOWN THERE FOR? LOOK AT MY NEW TREASURES!

GOSH, SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!

FINE! I'LL TAKE 2 BOXES, SAM -

BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL PREMIUMS AS EASY AS THAT!

HURRY! LET'S SEND IN OUR COUPONS RIGHT AWAY!

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ACT NOW!

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LET'S GO!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

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